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R. Caton Woodville. 1861

ON THE LOOK OUT: INFANTRY SOLDIERS OF THE GREEK ARMY.



Whatever may be the upshot of the great Parliamentary discussion opened this week, there can be no doubt that it will prove one of the most momentous for the country and for Mr. Gladstone. It is, indeed, impossible to over-estimate its significance, and it is fervently to be hoped that the members, whether Liberal or Conservative, who take part in the debate will do so with a profound conviction that the Irish Question is not a question of party, but one which vitally concerns the welfare of the nation. In all human probability, this will be the Prime Minister's latest effort as a statesman, and doubtless he will throw into it all his eloquence and all his strength. Has he a "foeman worthy of his steel" in the Lower House? Will his splendid courage be of any avail, despite the opposition of statesmen who have hitherto been his most strenuous supporters? Will there be a dissolution? And if Mr. Gladstone fails what will be Mr. Parnell's fate? These and a score of similar questions are passing from mouth to mouth, and it is evident that the country is alive to the importance of the crisis. It is to be hoped that, in a conflict so tremendous, the House of Commons will sustain its ancient renown.

By the death of Mr. Forster, England has lost a statesman of inflexible rectitude, of unswerving courage, a true lover of his country, and a sincere Liberal; neither patriotism nor party interfered with his sense of justice and his ardour for truth. His strongest opponents will allow that in all he did he was guided by the sense of duty, and that his public acts were never swayed by personal motives. It is remarkable that Mr. Forster should have passed away at a time when the thoughts of all men are turned to Ireland. As Chief Secretary at a critical period he incurred much obloquy, but "steered right onward" in spite of it, saying that he was never more clear in his life as to the necessity of a duty. This is not the time fully to estimate Mr. Forster's virtues or his faults, but everyone must feel that his sound sagacity and high integrity were never more needed, and that his death at the present moment is a serious loss to the country he loved so well.

Now that we have recovered from the fit of the "blues" from which so many of us suffered last week, the risk of bringing on a fresh attack is, no doubt, to be avoided. But just one little remark. The late boat-race between the two true "blues" did good service in destroying yet another superstition, in upsetting an unsound theory. For many years it was believed (and there was ground for the belief) that the race was won at Hammersmith Bridge: Oxford exploded that idea by losing several times at Hammersmith and winning at that far more important place, Mortlake. Now Cambridge has dissipated a still greater "certainty," by proving that the race is not lost at Barnes Bridge even; else the "light blue" had not won this year. There is nothing so fatal as demoralisation; and there is nothing like a superstition, or the acceptance of a foregone conclusion, to produce demoralisation. How often a race, a game of billiards, a contest of any kind, is lost through an inward conviction that, according to probabilities and precedents, it cannot be won, everybody must be aware. The more honour, then, to any eight or nine young gentlemen who assume the mastery over probabilities and precedents, inculcating by example rather than by precept the excellent twin doctrines "Nil desperandum" and "Never say die."

There was a good deal of discussion in the House of Commons a few nights ago on the duties of our Consuls abroad, and, although many suggestions were made as to what they might do, and a few hopes expressed as to what they would not attempt to do, the outcome of the debate left matters much as they have stood during the last century. Several members were anxious that men of such exceptional education and ability as were our Consuls should not be expected to take the active part in advancing the commercial interests of their countrymen as the German Consuls do with regard to the merchants and contractors of the Fatherland. Still less should we like to see our fellow-countrymen stirring up political intrigues and fishing in the troubled waters of party politics of half-civilised States; but yet the English have a right to expect something from a service with costs the country £250,000 a year, and of which the principal duties, as now understood, are the arranging of disputes between clowns and circus managers, and re-patriating, at public expense, the social failures known as "Distressed British Subjects."

It is almost hopeless, from the scrappy telegrams which are flashed daily across the Atlantic, to gather any real idea of the extent of the labour crisis in the United States. By carefully piecing the items together we come to the conclusion that there are no serious troubles east of the Mississippi, in the North-Western States, nor even in the South, if we omit Texas. In New England the textile, the boot and shoe, and the metal industries are suffering considerably, upwards of 10,000 men being out on strike. In the coal districts of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Ohio nearly 22,000 have left off work; in the Alleghanies, the seat of the great nail trade, about 4000.

In the modest compass of a pocket volume Mr. Sutherland Edwards has told us all that is known, and much which was known only to a few, about the "Faust Legend." There seems little doubt that from a very early period, perhaps from the dawn of Christianity, there were myths floating about, which, towards the Reformation period, crystallised themselves round a certain Dr. Faustus. In Bohemia and England, as in Poland and Germany, the legend bore the traces of local and national superstition; and, as Mr. Suther-

land Edwards shrewdly suggests, it reappears in southern countries in the almost equally popular story of Don Juan. Goethe, in making the legend a vehicle for his own theories on life, "beginning in heaven and ending in hell," naturally chose the German version for his groundwork; but Gretchen, the most beautiful character in the drama, is wholly his own creation. Curiously enough, however, Helen, who plays the most important woman's part in Goethe's second "Faust," is identical, at least in name, with the lady who appears at the call of Simon Magus in the tradition which dates from the third century. Mephistopheles is a greater difficulty etymologically, as well as legendary; and all attempts to assign to this worthy his correct place in the realms of darkness have been as unsuccessful as those to trace the origin of his name. It seems strange, however, that Mr. Sutherland Edwards, whose knowledge of the dramatic literature of Europe is so wide, should not have suggested the analogies between the Mephistopheles of northern and the Belphegor of southern Europe, although the divergencies are obvious.

The champions—lady champions, we mean—of women's rights are tenacious of their privileges, and will not accept the succour of mere wandering knight-errants like Lord Denman, who, year after year, attempts to carry, single-handed, through the House of Peers his measure of relief. Last week his Lordship's kind intentions met with their usual fate of being silently rejected; and the various committees of the "National Society for Women's Suffrage" are anxious to have it known that Lord Denman's bill was not their bill, and that the fate of the great measure, which still awaits its Committee stage in the House of Commons, is not yet in peril by the House of Lords. Since the death of the late Earl Cairns, who was to have taken charge of the measure in the Upper House, there seems to be some difference of opinion, the choice for the moment halting between a noble Peer who has had three wives and another who has had none.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, contributing to the discussion in the *Freeman's Journal*, on the best hundred Irish books, says that they have still to be written. At present, there are no Irish books. "Irish genius has for the last two hundred years had to employ itself in producing what painters call 'pot-boilers' for the English market." If "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The School for Scandal" and "Lalla Rookh" are "pot-boilers," pot-boiler is very unjustly used as a term of disparagement. Mr. McCarthy may be very sure that the Irish literary pot will always continue to be boiled in London, so long as Irishmen speak and write and think in English. There is but one way of extracting a genuine Irish stew from the Irish pot—to write in Irish, which is impracticable; for the language is incapable of expressing abstract ideas, except by recourse to circumlocution.

In his speech at the Guildhall meeting of the 2nd inst., Sir John Lubbock falls into a very common error of quotation. "We are to undertake," he says, "this enormous liability because we cannot trust the Frankenstein we are ourselves about to create." But the Frankenstein of Mrs. Shelley's romance is the creator, not the created. Sir John Lubbock's argument requires that Frankenstein should be, not the Irish Parliament sitting on College Green, but Mr. Gladstone.

In his controversy with Mr. Harrison respecting the proper way of spelling *Alfred*, Mr. Freeman has gone the length of conceding to this vulgar form a right of existence in frivolous literature, reserving the orthodox *Aelfred* for "books that may be called scientific," just as the philosopher in Molière reserved one ear for learned languages and the other for his mother tongue. This virtually yields the point, for nobody but a Professor will habitually observe such nice distinctions. On another point Mr. Freeman is right. He hardly expects to be believed when he asserts that, in his youthful days, Buonaparte was pronounced as a word of four syllables. But let him be of good cheer. Poetry, speaking by the mouth of Campbell, is at hand to justify him:—

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner poor and hearty:
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Buo-na-par-te.

The counter-proposal of certain "friends of the working-classes" to open the public museums, &c., by night, instead of on Sundays, has raised the question—how far the colours of many of our works of art are permanent? The proposed substitution of electric for gas light, however, in nowise removes the objection of certain experts, who declare, in a tone of authority, that water colours, at all events, deteriorate rapidly by exposure even to daylight; and one of the most qualified judges asserts that many of the masterpieces of Turner, David Cox, and De Wint, after five-and-twenty years' exhibition at South Kensington, are "but the pale ghosts of their former selves." This authoritative pronouncement of the keeper of her Majesty's pictures has been promptly challenged by a number of leading artists, chemists, and picture-collectors, and the public is left to draw its own conclusions as to the weight of evidence or assertion adduced by the rival disputants. We are not called upon to decide upon the bad behaviour of "Indian Reds," which seem to be on the point of disappearing as rapidly as Red Indians, with the difference that before doing so, they manage to "lower the tone" and otherwise corrupt all other colours brought into close relations with them. To the ordinary observer, the drawings at South Kensington, if we except some of Turner's experiments in polychrome, remain unaltered; and one is tempted to endorse Mr. Walter Severn's belief that water colours are less likely to undergo chemical change than oils. We trust that this is so, for we can hardly believe that the purchaser of Mr. F. Walker's "Lilies" at the Graham sale for 1300 guineas will be content to turn it habitually faceways to the wall, or to condemn it to the permanent seclusion of a portfolio.

A wonderfully interesting and instructive work—for all whom the subject concerns—has just been published. It is called "The History of Newmarket, and the Annals of the Turf," from the earliest times to the end of the seventeenth century—that is to say, up to the date of Captain Byerley's Turk, from which point, or soon after, all has for several generations, since the Herculean labours of Mr. John Cheny, been comparatively plain sailing. The indefatigable author of the new work is Mr. J. P. Hore, who is evidently the writer of some letters that appeared in *The Field* in 1884 on the subject of "Arab horses"; of his industry, completeness, accuracy, and evident love of his work, it is impossible to speak too highly.

Just a year has gone by since we called attention to Sir Henry Taylor's interesting autobiography, and now the veteran poet has passed away, at the ripe age of eighty-five. The author of "Philip Van Artevelde" was not, and is never likely to become, a popular writer, but his position in English literature will probably be more permanent than that of many poets whose works are more familiar. As a young man, while maintaining his literary independence, he sat at the feet of Wordsworth and of Southey, and for the latter he has recently expressed his reverence by saying that, while there were greater poets in his generation, of all his contemporaries he was the greatest man. And Southey said "that among those who were much his juniors, Taylor was the only man whom he had taken to his heart." Considering the patriarchal age attained by Sir Henry, it is curious to read in one of Southey's letters, dated fifty-five years ago, "Henry Taylor undertakes the disposal of my papers, if he survives me, which I sometimes fear he may not, because he is the son of a consumptive mother, and was born but a little while before her death." Owing, we believe, to some objections on the part of Southey's family, this literary executorship was never undertaken, and a biography worthy of the laureate has to be written

The racing season has begun well in many respects; but much regret will be felt at the loss of Mr. T. Challoner, the famous "northern" jockey and the promising trainer. He seemed likely to be as great in his training career as another of the northern trainer-jockeys, the celebrated Mr. Forth, trainer of Frederick, Little Wonder, and Merry Monarch (winners of the Derby in 1829, 1840, and 1845) had been, though it was not probable that it would ever have fallen to his lot, as it did to Mr. Forth's (when his own horse, The Exquisite, ran second to Frederick), to win the Derby on somebody else's horse, and beat his own by a head. Mr. Challoner won the Two Thousand on Macaroni and Gang Forward, and ran a dead-heat for it on Moslem against Mr. G. Fordham on Formosa, a very sensational Derby on Macaroni (much less fancied than Lord Clifden), the Oaks on Feu-de-Joie, and one of the most wonderful St. Legers ever known on Caller Ou, besides four other St. Legers, on The Marquis, on Achievement, on Formosa, and on Craig Millar. The One Thousand he never won, but not because he had any superior in the saddle. His "Caller On Leger" is generally considered his most notable performance; but perhaps his dead-heat on Gaspard (with Artless) for the Cesarewitch two years before was quite as remarkable, for the most consummate judgment was sometimes thrown away upon such a specimen of "kittle cattle" as the curious Caller Ou.

The judgment of the trustees and directors of the National Gallery against opening that institution at night seems to be based on good grounds. They argue that the atmosphere of London is already filled with noxious ingredients, and that the injury caused to the pictures would be aggravated by the "very hazardous evil of artificial lighting." The injury caused by gas is indisputable, and there are objections to electricity which cannot be removed until it is better understood. The authorities, with an eye to dynamite, hint also that this is not a time to try experiments, and remind the public that no foreign gallery is open after dark. They add that the National Gallery is open to the public for more hours in the year than any Continental museum. Other significant arguments against a change are added, but these are, or ought to be, decisive.

Whatever a man's occupation may be he cannot hope to reach the higher grades of his profession unless he feels a pride in it. This is the sentiment which assists the private soldier to become a General, which elevates the barrister to the Bench, and the curate to the Bishopric. But may not this sort of pride be carried just a little too far? On looking over the list of subscriptions for the foundation of an institution to practise M. Pasteur's remedy for hydrophobia, we should be inclined to think so. One generous fellow has sent a donation of fifty centimes—it is not much, certainly, but we must give according to our means—and, instead of heralding forth his name, he hides his light of liberality under the bushel of his calling. He describes himself as "A Poacher." Although the terms "Unlicensed Sportsman," "Collector of Fur and Feather," or "Animal Fancier" might either have been more elegant, there is a certain bluff honesty about the humble contributor which shows that he is not ashamed of his occupation. It may be well, now that he has selected pseudonymity, that he continues to preserve it, for the French laws are somewhat severe on poachers, however benevolent they may be in private life.

Starving in the midst of plenty may fairly be described as the condition of the Duke of York's Column, in Waterloo-place. It is rich, but neglected; all its old friends have died off; and, though there stands to its credit at its bankers a balance of between two and three thousand pounds, the new pillar has been left lonely and forlorn. The fact is that it was erected by public subscription, and the funds were vested in trustees. They appointed a keeper, whose duty it was to allow those people who take pleasure in going up interminable stairs to enjoy themselves for the modest sum of threepence each ascent. But time, which does not even spare monuments, has removed trustees and keeper, no successors have been appointed, and now it appears to be the duty of no one in particular to look after the erection; worse still, it seems, according to the explanation given the other evening in the House of Commons, that an Act of Parliament must be passed in order to provide proper guardians for the column. Could it not be made a ward in Chancery? Perhaps, though, its age would be sufficient to deprive it of this privilege.

SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. McLean, like his neighbour Mr. Tooth, has a figure-piece by Sir John Millais for which his well-assorted collection of foreign works form an attractive garniture, in no way detrimental to our fellow-countryman's work. "Ruddier than the Cherry" (41) belongs to the class of paintings by Sir J. Millais of which "The Stowaway" was one of the earlier examples. A ragged boy in wavy fair hair and a brown doublet, is carrying townwards a heavy bag of holly, which he has been cutting in the adjoining hedgerows. His bright cheeks are as red as the berries which plentifully bespangle his thorny burden; and, although the sense of effort is conveyed in the boy's attitude, one feels instinctively that he has his heart in his work. Whether the painter himself was equally earnest and sympathetic with his subject, we take leave to doubt. It is clever enough, and will doubtless serve to popularise Sir John Millais more and more, but whether it will raise him in the opinion of the art world is another question. Mr. J. Pettie's fresh study of "Charles Surface" (6) is a pleasant bit of satin and colour, skilfully drawn, but throwing no fresh light upon the character of the comedy, and telling, without the help of the catalogue, no particular story. In colour, as well as in vigour, M. Eugene De Blaas's "Resting" (62) is a far more powerful work, but both are deficient in interest. Perhaps the most strikingly original work in the collection is Herr F. M. Bredt's "Tunis" (56), a very bold and skilful treatment of the housetops of an Arab city. The masses of white plaster and stone are relieved by figures of the Arab women, who, in the evening, resort to these private terraces for air and for that restricted form of social life which is observed in those countries. Herr Carl Marr has also a somewhat monotonous coloured but not unpleasant Eastern landscape, "Peace and War" (54), with mailed horsemen invading a peaceful pasture; but the two best bits of Eastern life are from a young German painter, Herr Wilda, who contributes the "Entrance to a Cairene Mosque" (59), exhibited at last year's Salon, and a companion work, "The Fortune-Teller" (65), in both of which the carefully executed details and sharp contrasts of light and shade recall the work of our gifted countryman, the late J. R. Lewis. Among the other works in this gallery may be mentioned Eugene De Blaas's "Gossips at the Well" (21), Harlamoff's "Flower-Girls" (19), and Mas-y-Fondevila's "Return from the Festa" (15), all bright scenes of Venetian daily life; which, however, has of late been somewhat overdone by both English and foreign artists.

From the garish colours of the neo-Venetians one turns with a sense of relief to the delicate work of Mrs. Allingham, illustrating Surrey Cottages, now on view at the Fine-Arts Society (148, New Bond-street). There is in nearly every one of the sixty-six studies exhibited a touch of real English country life, such as still lingers among the downs and woods and nooks which make the stretch of land between Dorking and Haslemere one of the most delightful spots in England. Mr. Birket Foster long ago discovered this happy hunting-ground, but his rendering of it, in spite of his elaborate care, wants that sense of poetry which Mrs. Allingham succeeds in throwing round rustic life, without dissimulating or distorting any of its elements. Each season brings with it its special beauties, but naturally it is in summer that Surrey cottages, with their thatched roofs and flowering gardens, are seen to the best advantage. In summer, too, the children loiter about the lanes; and the men and women, pausing in their work, fall naturally into picturesque attitudes. It is natural, therefore, that at least one half of Mrs. Allingham's sketches should give us her impressions of Surrey in summer; and we cannot help thinking that this exhibition will make the neighbourhood she depicts more than ever attractive to those who are content to seek for country beauties within easy access. If, as the writer of the prefatory note to the catalogue (whom we suspect to be "Patricius Walker") tells us, 2000 old English cottages are disappearing every year, it is all the more reason why we should be grateful to Mrs. Allingham for having done so much to preserve their memory; and we may also hope to excite the energy of some Ancient Buildings Preservation Society to apply its theories to these humble but characteristic expressions of English national life. To preserve the English cottage in the shape and semblance of "The Old Voter" is probably hopeless; but everyone who visits this most attractive exhibition may do something for preserving the external beauty of the cottage homes of our peasantry, whilst not refraining from improving their internal healthiness and comfort.

At the Goupil Gallery (116, New Bond-street), Messrs. Boussod Valadon have brought together a small collection of water colours by Mr. Tristram Ellis, illustrating the watering-places of the Channel. They are, for the most part, painted with vigour and truthful resemblance, and may possibly moderate the longings for freedom and fresh air of many who are still for some months condemned to London or town life. Among the more successful sketches may be mentioned "Carisbrooke Castle" (28), showing the massive old entrance-gate; "The Old Pier-Head, Margate" (5); "Boulogne, from the Station" (51); "Dover in Winter Time" (7), with the cliffs covered with snow; and "Portsmouth Harbour" (30), with its old three-deckers, laid up in ordinary, the last memorials of England's "wooden walls." Mr. Tristram Ellis is least successful when painting breaking waves, and too often there is a coldness and hardness in his work which are scarcely in harmony with the scenes he depicts, although it is difficult how to associate the date which the majority of the pictures bear (1886) with aught but grey skies and biting winds. The solution is possibly not far to seek, for the works bear too obviously the mark of the studio in place of the breeziness and suffused light of the open air.

The Earl of Derby has accepted the presidency of the Art Union of London, in succession to Lord Houghton, deceased. It is announced that the annual meeting will be deferred till May 4, on account of the incidence of Easter week, and that subscriptions will be received until April 8.

The Skinners' Company have again granted the City of London Society of Artists the use of their hall in Dowgate-hill for an exhibition of painting and sculpture. Mr. Graham King, C.C., and Mr. W. J. Ferguson have been appointed hon. secretaries to the society.

A choice selection of Easter and Birthday Cards of great variety and exquisite taste, the productions of Messrs. L. Prang and Co., of America, has just been received by Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of 191, Regent-street, who is the sole agent in England for these charming works of art.

The Royal Academy of Arts in Berlin has elected Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais to be ordinary members. It may here be mentioned that the International Art Exhibition, which is to be opened in Berlin on May 15, to commemorate the foundation of the Academy of Arts by Frederick the Great one hundred years ago, will comprise selections from the works of the foremost living English painters, and that arrangements have already been made for the transport of their exhibits from London to Berlin.

THE COURT.

The Queen visited the Windsor Townhall on Thursday, the 1st inst., while two hundred and fifty poor children and unemployed persons were partaking of the dinner provided for them by Princess Christian's Fund. Her Majesty spoke to several of the children, and on leaving expressed to the Mayor her satisfaction with the arrangements, and the pleasure she felt in the evident happiness of the diners. The Queen drove to the Great Western Station at Windsor, yesterday week, and thence proceeded by special train to London, for the purpose of visiting the Duchess of Edinburgh at Clarence House, and the Duchess of Connaught at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty returned to Windsor in the afternoon. The Queen held a Council last Saturday. The Earl of Dalhousie, K.T., Lord Thurlow, and Colonel J. S. North were introduced, and sworn in members of the Privy Council. Previous to the Council the Spanish Minister was introduced to an audience of her Majesty by Earl Spencer (in the absence of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs), and presented his letter of recall; and, after it, the following were introduced to the Queen's presence, and kissed hands, on appointment to their respective offices:—The Earl of Dalhousie, K.T., as Secretary of State for Scotland; Lord Thurlow, as Paymaster-General; and the Right Hon. J. Stansfeld, as President of the Local Government Board. On Sunday morning the Queen and Royal family and the members of her Majesty's household attended Divine service. The Bishop of Peterborough (the Right Rev. W. Magee, D.D.), assisted by the Very Rev. R. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, officiated. The Bishop preached the sermon. The Queen on Monday morning went to Buckingham Palace, where her Majesty visited the Duke of Connaught. The Duchess's recovery is slow. The Princess of Wales visited the Queen at the palace. Her Majesty returned to the castle to luncheon. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Countess of Erbach went to Farnborough Hill in the morning to visit the Empress Eugénie, returning in the evening. The Duchess of Albany and Princess Alice and the infant Duke of Albany arrived at the castle on Tuesday morning from Claremont. In the afternoon, the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and other members of the Royal family were present at a concert given at Windsor Castle, when Spohr's oratorio, "The Last Judgment," was sung by the choir of St. Anne's, Soho, under the conductorship of Mr. Joseph Barnby. The performance took place in St. George's Hall. Holloway College, which was founded and endowed by the late Thomas Holloway at a cost of three quarters of a million sterling, has, since the death of the founder, been carried on to a successful completion by his brother-in-law, Mr. Martin-Holloway, who has been honoured by the Queen's promise to open the building in June next. The Queen has written to Elizabeth Mouat, the heroine of the Columbine, expressing the interest with which she had read of her involuntary journey to Norway, and inclosing a cheque for twenty pounds. We are authorised to state that a Drawing-room and Levée will be held in the first week in May, the dates of which will be announced later.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Colonel Ellis, and a party of about forty gentlemen, went to Bicester yesterday week, in a special saloon-carriage, by the 11 a.m. train, to attend a private steeplechase at that place. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House last Saturday from visiting the Duchess of Sutherland, at Sutherland Tower, Torquay. The Princess of Wales has, in a letter written by the Duchess of Sutherland, expressed herself as "deeply touched by all the loyal feeling shown her" during her stay at Torquay. She has greatly benefited by her stay. On Sunday the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. The Prince visited the Haymarket Theatre on Monday evening to witness the performance of "Jim, the Penman." The Prince and Princess were present, on Tuesday evening, at Dr. Novello's oratorio concert, at St. James's Hall, to hear Dr. Liszt's "St. Elizabeth." In reply to an appeal from the Beaumont trustees, the Prince says "it would give the Princess of Wales and himself very great pleasure to lay the first stone of a work of such national interest and importance as the People's Palace in the east of London." His Royal Highness proposes that the ceremony shall take place on some afternoon towards the end of June.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and her children witnessed the performance of "The Lord Harry" at the Princess's Theatre last Saturday afternoon.

THE GREEK ARMY.

All who feel an interest in Greece, and wish that celebrated country, with its high-spirited people, to improve in the ways of modern civilisation, must feel just now a painful anxiety lest it should rashly engage in a war for mere territorial aggrandisement, which will, unless stopped by the peremptory intervention of the European Powers, inevitably lead to a crushing disaster. Greek soldiers, of whose equipment an illustration appears on our front page, are as brave as any men; but they cannot resist the great military forces of Turkey, and their Government has not the means of supporting a few weeks' campaign, while its naval forces will not be allowed to act on the coasts of the Turkish Empire. The Greek demand of some additional territory in Epirus or Southern Albania, including Jannina, may probably gain favourable condition at a future time, but there is no ground for any such pretensions in Macedonia; and the Sultan's Government has done nothing to provoke an attempt at spoliation. It is, nevertheless, asserted, in recent telegrams from Athens, evidently designed to justify the intended hostilities, that "Turkish troops are advancing towards the frontier, and detached bodies are endeavouring to provoke conflicts." The Greek Minister of War, M. Marromichalis, has returned to Athens from Arta, after carefully inspecting the fortifications and garrisons. He is said to have requested the officers to inform their men "that they were destined to uphold the honour of their country on the field of battle, and they would not return to their homes until that honour was satisfied." We hope this version of his speech is not correct; for, if the Greeks really mean to fight the Turks, they will experience a cruel defeat, which we shall be very sorry to see.

Mr. Stansfeld, the new President of the Local Government Board, was on Saturday re-elected, without opposition, member for Halifax, for which he has sat for twenty-seven years.

The Hon. A. Fitzroy G. Hay, who, in consequence of the death of Viscount Dupplin, has become the heir-presumptive to the earldom of Kinross, will bear the title of Lord Hay of Kinfauns, and not that of Viscount Dupplin.

At a meeting of the Brighton Town Council, yesterday week, a proposal was made that the Queen should be invited to visit the town on Oct. 4 next; her Majesty's first visit to the town having been on Oct. 4, 1837.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Can a husband libel his wife? I do not mean in point of fact, because we all know that he may; but there are some facts to which the law is blind. It has just been settled that this is to be counted amongst them. A husband, so the Judges declared on Monday, cannot be prosecuted by his wife for libelling her, even though the pair may have been separated for many years, and though the libel may be of the grossest character. In this respect, it must in justice be added, the law is more equal than it frequently is between a married couple. A wife may libel her husband with as much impunity as he enjoys for similar amenities.

The judgment is, undoubtedly, good law; and the poor lady who adopted the course of bringing an action to clear her character from her husband's aspersions was badly advised. Under the old rule of the Common Law, a married woman had no existence. You were extinguished, my dear matron; that was the legal name for you, indeed; you were "feme covert," a woman absorbed into another's existence. Of course, in those circumstances, the woman who no longer legally existed, except as an integral portion of her spouse, could not bring actions at law—any more than a thumb or a nose can bring actions without the concurrence of the body to which they belong. The Married Women's Property Act of 1882 changed all that. A married woman can now bring, by herself, any sort of action against any person who injures her. Thus says section 1; but under section 12 it is explicitly provided that she may not sue her husband for any other wrongs than those connected with her private property. As to the other side, a husband cannot sue his wife civilly at all, so that really wives in that respect seem now to have the advantage before the law.

The Mayoress of Wigan, Mrs. Park, writes to me to say that there are over four thousand women working at the pit-brow in the whole kingdom. The 1300 referred to at the meeting as purposing to come to London to show that they are not the degraded unhealthy creatures asserted, were merely those of South-West Lancashire alone. About £120,000 is paid in wages annually to the women thus employed. If this be calmly voted away from them, where else is there the vast sum of capital waiting to employ them which £120,000 in wages implies? There is no such employment waiting; let it be understood that to take away that annual wage from those working women is to condemn them to starve on an over-crowded female labour market. The "right to labour" of the French Socialists has a real meaning, though a widely different one from what they intended by their phrase. The true natural right is that adult human beings shall be allowed to sell their own labour to the best advantage that they can. The poor man's or woman's only property is the power to work; that must never, in any case, be ruthlessly confiscated by a Parliament of rich men, at the bidding of a grasping trades' union.

I hear that there is quite a scarcity of primroses. Some of the bouquets at the last Drawingroom were made mainly or entirely of the little yellow blooms; and the purchasers found, with surprise, that the wild flowers cost more than hot-house blossoms. "Primrose Day" is approaching, when a nation deficient in humour will proceed to honour the most brilliantly polished and artificial and self-assertive public man of the century with bunches of the plainest, simplest, most modest wild flower that blows. I advise my readers to set some watch on their parks if they do not want their primrose banks pillaged; for the demand will be great, and what between the destruction of the roots carelessly done in meeting the market last year, and the coldness of this season, the supply is very short.

"I am convinced," wrote poor L. E. L., "that dress is the universal passion." It is certainly the universal worry. We cannot help seeing that it does occupy a tiny corner of space even in the great masculine mind. Indeed, I have a secret suspicion that the reason why men left off dressing in lace and satin and embroidery was the difficulty that they found in keeping themselves within the bounds of moderation in their expenditure! Again (only I wish to whisper this, for fear of arousing wrath), one great attraction of Freemasonry to men is the dressing-up—the other is dining. I wouldn't on any account say this aloud, for in that case many indignant gentlemen would promptly assure me that they are Masons for Charity's sake; that they could not give a cheque to the Masonic Schools if they were not members of lodges. But, at all events, we women, to whom dress is so serious a concern, like to be kept in countenance by seeing the superior sex sometimes excited on the costume topic.

There is just now a double masculine revolt against the tyranny of fashion. The Radical M.P.'s are striking against having to wear levée dress at the Speaker's dinners. It is an otherwise useless and an expensive costume; and that most men look well in it is probably the chief reason why they have submitted to its peculiarities so long. The other mainly dress trouble is amongst the bluejackets. The profoundest discontent with his clothes is felt by the sailor, whose picturesque garb is so interesting to see. It seems, according to one of their spokesmen, that "they have to do of necessity what so many ladies do for pleasure," which is explained to be "make themselves uncomfortable in order to look nice." If at work, more especially aloft in a bit of a breeze, his dress, to put it mildly, is all over the ship. Dropping the topsail to prevent his silk handkerchief blowing overboard, then fumbling about his waistband, which is slipping below his belt, the ends of his collar flapping in his eye, to say nothing of the wind playing havoc with his legs, are only part of the discomforts of Jack in his rig. To look natty and spruce means a feeling of about ten degrees below freezing point." The M.P.'s are refusing the Speaker's invitations, and the bluejackets are begging for a commission to alter their costume. It is a revolutionary era in dress for men and women, as in other things.

I am going to ask my readers to do me a favour. In most families there are some cherished old recipes, not known to the world at large. Will any ladies, generous enough, give the world the benefit of their traditions, let me hear from them? Meantime, I want to give a recipe of my own for a high-class Lenten soup, which is made entirely without meat. It is a celery purée.

Take six heads of celery, cut off the green part, wash well, and cut into small pieces. Melt four ounces of butter in a stewpan, put in a pint of milk, enough grated nutmeg to cover a half-crown, a teaspoonful of sugar, and salt and pepper. Put in the celery, cover, and set near the fire to simmer very slowly for an hour. Then mix smooth another four ounces of butter with five ounces of flour in a small saucepan. When this has cooked a little, add it, with a quart of cream and two quarts of water, to the celery, and continue stirring against the sides of the pan till it has all boiled ten minutes. Rub very completely through an inverted wire sieve, not permitting the smallest particle to be left lumpy. Return to the fire and boil up, stirring all the time. Serve in the tureen, with dice of bread fried in butter handed round at table separately.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER, M.P.

On Monday afternoon, at his house in Eccleston-square, this true Englishman, eminent member of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, author of the Elementary Education and of the Ballot Act, and fearless Chief Secretary for Ireland in the terrible time from 1880 to May, 1882, died in the sixtieth year of his age, worn out by labours in the service of his country. His father was William Forster, a land agent, who settled at Bradpole, in Dorsetshire, and married Anna Buxton. Their son was born at that place on July 11, 1818. The father was a member of the Society of Friends, who travelled on errands of mercy all over the United Kingdom, the Continent of Europe, and America. In the winter of the dreadful Irish famine, 1846 to 1847, the son assisted the father in

a visit to Mayo, Donegal, and Connemara, to distribute the relief provided by the Society of Friends. He became partner of Mr. William Fison, and ultimately owner of a great worsted and alpaca factory at Burley, in the West Riding. He married, in 1850, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Arnold, Head Master of Rugby, and became a member of the Established Church. About that time he began to take an active part in public affairs. In 1859 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the representation of Leeds. He was returned for Bradford, unopposed, in February, 1861, and has since been re-elected upon every occasion, though his seat was contested in 1868, in 1874, in 1880, and last year. In Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1868, the post of Vice-President of the Council, with the charge

of the Education Department, was given to Mr. Forster; and he framed and passed, in 1870, the Act by which School Boards, with powers of rating and management, have been created all over England. He brought in and passed the Ballot Act in 1871. In the Government of 1880 he was a Cabinet Minister, with the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, Earl Cowper, the Lord Lieutenant, not being in the Cabinet. Mr. Forster was therefore chiefly responsible for the Irish policy of the Government until the end of April, 1882.

Mr. Forster had no children of his own, but adopted the two sons and two daughters of Mr. W. D. Arnold, his wife's brother, Director of Public Instruction in the Punjab, who died in 1859. One son is Mr. H. O. Arnold Forster.



SWAIN SC.

DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

"It is nothing but selfishness on my part," protested the antiquary. "I worship the rising sun."

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "THE CANON'S WARD," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONGRATULATIONS.

There are comfortable saws and sayings concerning the limits of human woe which it is to be hoped have some truth in them. "The darkest hour is before dawn," and "When things are at their worst they must needs mend," are samples of them. It is, unhappily, sometimes difficult to say which hour is darkest, or to affirm with accuracy at what point things have reached their worst. There are some cases—even many cases—where Fate is desperately malignant, and "Unmerciful Disaster never draws rein." But to the majority of us, though it is difficult to believe that "The shadow on the dial proves the passing of the trial, proves the presence of the sun," it may, I think, be said that after the tempest comes not only calm but sunshine; that there is some sort of compensation for us even in this world.

Elizabeth Dart was not one given to exaggerate her woes. She recognised, even in her misery, that many a woman was not only worse off than herself, as the phrase goes, but had far deeper cause for tears. Was not Mrs. Melburn, for example—of whom, in her ignorance, she had been inclined sometimes to think hard things—one far more to be pitied? Nor was she so foolish as to attempt to disarm misfortune by picturing it to herself as having come to the length of its tether. The very letter now in her hand might bring tidings of illness from Aunt Jane (in the disorganised and morbid condition of her nerves, it seemed only too probable), and infuse still more of bitterness into her cup. Still, that cup was wellnigh full. To be a drudge, and an unsmiling drudge, for life, was the best prospect that life afforded her. She took the letter from Janet's hands with a sigh, half of apprehension, half of despondency. It was not from Aunt Jane, but from

Mr. Argand. She tore it open, less in expectation than in fear to encourage expectation which should leave her more hopeless than before, and out leaped a cheque for twenty pounds. The blood rushed to her face as though it had received a blow. Charity—compensation for disappointment—was her explanation of the phenomenon. She took up the cheque with her fingers as though they had been a pair of tongs, and placed it on the table before her. The letter that accompanied it was a long one, as letters must needs be which apologise for a kindness that may well be mistaken for an insult. She had heard of such misplaced generosity before, in similar cases, and the writer's heart must have been touched by her forlorn condition (which he must have guessed at, however, by the magic of sympathy, since it was certain she had never hinted at it), while his judgment had condemned her contribution:

"My dear Madam,—You have, I fear, been thinking me sadly negligent; but a severe and sudden illness, an attack of low fever, must be my excuse for not having written to you long ago. My last act and deed in health was to send your admirable article to the printers. I have never seen it since, until I read it in the *Millennium* to-day—a circumstance which, if you knew my editorial habits (which never permit a proof to be in the reading), would have all the force of a medical certificate. Strange to say, it has scarcely ever been out of my thoughts. A hundred times, as I tossed on my restless pillow, have I been at Casterton, on the marsh, on the pier, and in the quaint little town. I have seen the race-horses, clothed or unclothed, at their exercises and at their trial gallops, on the windy downs. I have fought against the Danes, and with them (for delirium has no patriotism) on Battle Hill; I have seen the towns that lie beneath the sea, in your enchanted neighbourhood, and peopled them with inhabitants who have

suffered no sea change. What all this phantasmagoria meant as regards your contribution was of course clear enough to me, and needed no corroboration from without. Still, it will interest you to learn that one of her Majesty's Judges—almost the only one in these days who has any claim to be considered a judge in literary matters—has just been calling on me, under the transparent pretence of inquiring after my health, but in reality to learn who is John Javelin.

"Are you aware, my dear Sir," he was so good as to say, "that in the net of your *Millennium* this month (I will not say owing to your absence from your duties, but in spite of it) there shines and shimmers one of those very rare fish called a genius?" "I am well aware of it, my Lud," was my ungracious reply. "I daresay, however, you will be careful not to encourage unreasonable expectations by letting the gentleman know your opinion of him," was his dry rejoinder. A sarcasm which, I hope, you will do me the justice to say was unmerited.

"It reminded me, however, of what, but for my illness, would assuredly not have been forgotten—namely, to express to you the very great admiration I feel for 'A Bit of Old England' and its author. It is easy to invest with interest an uncommon subject, but to make a trite one even acceptable is a feat beyond most pens. Your little paper will delight every eye that reads it and possesses the faculty of appreciation. As a mere piece of description, it is perfect—as good as Kingsley's sketches of North Devon scenery. The stores of knowledge which it has laid under contribution for its illustration must strike everyone as unusually ample; but to one who, like myself, is acquainted with your age and sex, they are indeed amazing. The chief, and much more uncommon, merit of the paper lies moreover in its suggestiveness; in the ordinary reader, it must needs beget thought and reflection, which will be sure to leave him a wiser man than they found him; but for the more exceptional one, from

his honour the Judge aforesaid down to the humble editor who now addresses you, it possesses also a suggestiveness as respects the writer, and endows her with far greater powers even than she has exhibited. 'This is promise rather than performance,' is a professional phrase which editors find convenient for mitigating the importunities of youthful aspirants; but in your case it must be varied. There is plenty of performance in your work, but also a promise far beyond it, and of which, to speak truth without flattery, I can hardly trust myself to write. To say that you will do far better work than 'A Bit of Old England,' though of its kind it is impossible to conceive anything better, would be to utter a platitude; indeed, in your own mind, you must well be convinced of the fact. Let me rather predict that you will soon do your talents justice on a wider canvas. In my ignorance of much that I would gladly know concerning your position and prospects, and especially what you yourself consider to be your qualifications for a literary career, I shrink from giving you advice; but it seems to me you are wasting on a narrow field such powers of observation as nature grants only to a very few in the same generation. After all these eulogiums, I am afraid the inclosed cheque will appear miserably inadequate. You will think of the fruit-seller of Constantinople with his 'In the name of the Prophet—Figs!' You must understand, however, that the *Millennium*, though thriving, is in its minority, and has not, at present, the means at its disposal to reward genius according to its deserts.—With every kind wish, I am, my dear Madam, yours most faithfully and hopefully,

FELIX ARGAND."

Great is the power of deserved Praise. It frees the imprisoned Hope, and turns the key on its jailors, black-browed Care and tyrannous Need. No touch of fairy wand could have effected a transformation more complete than did these words of encouragement in the bosom of Elizabeth Dart. They seemed to give wings to her very being—or rather, they gave her confirmation strong and positive that it had wings. Depressed and downtrodden by circumstance, she had of late begun to doubt her possession of certain gifts of Nature which had from time to time given sign of their presence; but now she felt assured that they were hers.

The good man is ignorant of his goodness, or surprised to hear that others call it by such a name; but in intellectual matters, the case is different: it is probable that everyone who possesses exceptional attainments is more or less conscious of their existence. The sense of comparison, which is not absent from even the most modest natures, renders it impossible that it should be otherwise. The recognition from outside is only corroboration. Nevertheless, it brings on the birth.

A glow of confidence—something different and far better than the awakening of ambition—pervaded Miss Dart's mind. "How happy shall I be able to make Aunt Jane!" was her first unpresumptuous thought; for, whether she had genius or not, it was certain, as Mrs. Meyrick had said, that she was practical in her ideas. That she was already so happy in herself may need a word of explanation. A woman who has just had her idol shattered should not, it may be suggested, have derived such exceeding satisfaction from the receipt of twenty pounds; but it was precisely because it was shattered, and not a fragment of worth or comeliness left of it, that she felt so buoyant. She had not lost a lover, for it was plain she never had one; she had escaped from a scoundrel of whom no tender remembrance was left to her, save of his perfidy. Instead of being tossed about the stormy waves of life on the wreck of her poor fortunes, she had suddenly come upon smooth water and a harbour.

As for the cheque—which, my lady reader is thinking, with a smile, will just pay for her winter mantle—I am aware that it did not represent much; still (for comparison comes in here, too), it represented exactly one quarter of the annual income which Miss Dart was wont to receive from the practice of her scholastic profession; and she had gained it by a few hours of mental toil. Compared with the other contents of Mr. Argand's envelope, it was indeed of small intrinsic consequence; but, as an earnest of what hereafter might be won by her pen, it was pregnant with possibilities; and, if they took at present but the concrete form of "making Aunt Jane happy," it was at least a something.

I think, upon the whole, in short, that that change of tone in which Miss Dart has just exclaimed, "Good news, dear Mrs. Meyrick!" nothing but good news was justified.

At the same time, it was difficult to explain to that lady exactly what had happened; even if Mr. Argand's letter was not to be considered—as Miss Dart was inclined to hold it—a confidential communication, it was not, as the phrase goes, "everybody's letter"; to Mrs. Meyrick, it would be hardly intelligible, and would certainly lack that significance and blossom of promise which it possessed for its recipient. To be told that her guest had had literary employment offered her in London would scarcely account to that good lady for the rise that had taken place in the barometer of her young friend's spirits; even in the case of an unquestionable genius and original poet—namely, her son Matthew—the emolument received for literary labour had struck the widow as inconsiderable, and how much less must (naturally) be given to any other writer—and for mere prose. To Miss Dart, however, no other course presented itself, though in the face of high-wrought expectation, but to tender this weak solution of the mystery of her change of spirits.

"Well, of course, my dear," said Mrs. Meyrick, wondering at the colour in those cheeks which a few minutes ago had been so pale, and at the brightness that had replaced the dew in those gentle eyes. "I am glad if you are glad; but if it is only because Mr. Argand has printed the account you tell me you have written of Casterton, and which I am sure I should be most pleased to read!"

"He has not only printed it, but paid for it," interrupted the authoress, in desperation, but not without a comical sense of disappointment at the manner in which her news had been received; "he has sent me twenty pounds for it," and she produced the cheque like one who plays his last card.

"Twenty pounds!" echoed Mrs. Meyrick, examining the document with eyes not wholly free from suspicion. "Twenty pounds for a description of Casterton?" with a ludicrous stress upon the word, as though she was not certain that the whole fee simple of the town had not been disposed of; "why, the *Millennium* must be made of money."

"That is a good many people's notion of the *Millennium*," answered Miss Dart, laughing.

"But it must be true, my dear," was the grave rejoinder. "I don't say a word against your talent for description, my dear; but I am so dreadfully afraid there must be some mistake. Why, how long did you take to write it?"

"Well, the mere writing of it took me about six hours."

"Gracious mercy on me! Why that's twenty pounds a day—six thousand pounds a year exclusive of Sundays; and I do hope, my dear, whatever they offer you, that you will never work on Sundays."

Her appeal had a piteous earnestness about it which Miss Dart comprehended at once, and which robbed it of its absurdity. She remembered that the widow had told her how her late husband's working at his busts on Sunday had been the sole cause of disagreement that had ever arisen between them.

"I don't think working on Sunday will be necessary," said

Miss Dart, smiling, "if I make six thousand a year on week-days. But don't you think that I have now a good excuse for Matthew for my having left Burrow Hall and given up governessing in favour of Grub-street?"

"Of course, you have; and, as it happens, he need never know that Mr. Argand's letter found you here; for ever since you and Mary went this morning, the poor lad has shut himself up in the Pavilion, and never asked a question about the post or anything."

It may be asked, with incredulity, "But was so intelligent a young gentleman as Matthew Meyrick taken in by this pious and simple fraud to save him pain; and did not the abruptness of the governess's return from Burrow Hall awaken his suspicions?"

For the moment—that is to say, till their visitor's retirement for the night left him free to question his mother on the whole subject, when the truth, of course, came out—the explanation did satisfy him. That implied invitation from Mr. Argand to come, like a literary Whittington, to seek her fortune in town, seemed to him of the nature of a Royal command, which, under the same circumstances, he would have himself obeyed without a moment's delay. Unlike Miss Dart, who was a student of human nature first, and a *littérateur* afterwards, he put letters before everything. In view of that flattering letter from the Jupiter of the *Millennium*, all minor matters—including the very existence of such a person as Jefferson Melburn—were dwarfed, and disappeared. In his extreme delight at Miss Dart's good fortune, and in the recognition of the talents which had so long aroused his own amazement by one so capable of judgment as Mr. Argand, he even for a moment omitted to inquire, "And what does Mary say, and how will she do without you?" This question, which could not have been long postponed, was providentially averted by the dropping in of Mr. Leyden to dinner. He had heard of Miss Dart's sudden return—within an hour of its occurrence, it had, indeed, become the talk of the little town—and its true cause had at once suggested itself to him. "That scoundrel Jefferson," was his private reflection, "must have shown his hand, or rather his cloven foot."

The antiquary's regard for Miss Dart, and the keen interest he took in her affairs, must be his excuse; but the fact was, curiosity to know how she had discovered the real character of the Major consumed him. The explanation she gave of her sudden return to Casterton seemed to afford him complete satisfaction; but, in reality, in Mrs. Meyrick's face he read ample confirmation of his own views. He saw how the land lay, in short, almost as completely as though he had had a chart of it; and he proved of immense assistance in averting the conversation from dangerous topics. To judge by the talk, indeed, in that little dining-room, one would have imagined it was a publisher's parlour in Paternoster-row, with the hostess as a sleeping partner. Nor was the subject-matter—the prospects of a literary life—one whit less interesting because not one of the company had any knowledge of it; information on the point would only have clipped the wings of their imagination, or, perhaps, even plucked them.

As to material results, the estimate arrived at by Mrs. Meyrick, though not exceeded, was held to be reasonable and, on the whole, satisfactory, save by Miss Dart herself.

"If my income ever reaches a thousand pound," she modestly observed, "I think, Mr. Leyden, that the stars will have justified themselves."

"Certainly not, my dear young lady," was the confident rejoinder. "Literature will do all it can for you, no doubt; but the stars, you may take my word for it, don't put themselves out—I mean, interfere in human affairs—for a thousand a year."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Miss Dart gave way with little reluctance to Mrs. Meyrick's earnest entreaties that she should remain at the Look-out another day. She was among such friends as she was not likely to find elsewhere, and whom she would perhaps never see again. She felt the need of an interval of rest after that day of incident and emotion, and before she commenced a life which, with all its promise, must be new and strange. It was also necessary, of course, that Aunt Jane, though she had no preparations to make for her reception, should be apprised of her coming and its cause. Besides, there were two other letters, of even more importance, to be dispatched, such as could be more conveniently written in that peaceful place and time than after the conclusion of a journey, or in the confusion of an arrival.

One of them was to Mary Melburn, the other to Mr. Argand. The former was far the shorter, and yet by no means brief. It was not necessary to tell so near and dear a friend that nothing short of dire necessity had compelled her abrupt desertion of her, under circumstances in which she could so ill be spared; and to write of the Major's conduct she could not compel her pen; it was a humiliation for her to recall his name. The whole explanation of his deceit and treachery she left to Mrs. Meyrick—to be sent by the same post to her sister-in-law—with a well-founded confidence that it would lose none of its baseness in the telling. She took it for granted that Mary would understand that her separation from Burrow Hall was complete and final; but of the lasting nature of her love for her late pupil and companion she gave full assurance.

"That there is no need for these protestations, my dear Mary," she wrote, "I am well aware; I make them only because it is a selfish pleasure to do so; but as to your mother, it is only too necessary to express my very high regard and respect for her, and my gratitude for all her kindness. Whatever errors and follies I may seem to have committed under her roof, there is none that I so deeply reproach myself with as my misapprehension of her gentle and noble nature. I sometimes thought her cold and constrained to me, when, as I now perceive, there must have seemed to her much in my conduct deserving of the severest censure. It would be impertinence in me to address her personally on such a topic, but I pray you to let her know what distress of mind this reflection causes me. In what anxiety and alarm you may be at this moment on her account, I dare not picture to myself, and yet, as she herself will tell you, I cannot be with you. I go to London to-morrow to begin life afresh, under good auspices." (Here followed an account of her literary prospects.)

"But whether failure or success attend me, I shall never forget you, or fail to sympathise with your joys and sorrows. To-day, as I feel too well, your sky is dark, and your horizon darker still. Alas! I can only give you my prayers. With what dread and fear shall I open your letter to-morrow night (for I know you have written), and yet how thankfully shall I welcome it!"

To Mr. Argand she was as frank as she had hitherto been reticent. She made no attempt to restrain the expressions of gratitude that naturally fell from her pen. She felt as though she were addressing a parent: for did she not owe to him a new life? She pictured him to herself a venerable personage, who, laden with the experience of at least half a century of literary toil, still preserved a tender heart, and delighted in the encouragement of budding talent: a sort of nineteenth-

century Dr. Johnson, who might almost have patted her on the head paternally, and called her "my dear" without offence. She plainly told him that his letter had decided her to adopt literature as a profession, but at the same time acquitting him of all responsibility in the matter. It was a project she had had in her mind ever since the first moment she began to think, though he had given it shape and solidity. It was only in her enumeration of what she judged to be her qualifications for a literary calling that she omitted, less from modesty than ignorance, to state the whole truth. She had the sagacity to understand that a great deal of the reading to which she had been accustomed, and which is known as "high-class" education, is only an encumbrance to the mind. She did not give herself credit for the acumen which had, in fact, enabled her to select from the unwieldy mass what was best and brightest. Most persons of the scholastic class, whether male or female, are apt to load themselves with weighty but unnecessary information, which they drop, like paving-stones, on the toes of their less learned acquaintances, and are therefore shunned, with reason, by society at large. The faculty of intellectual digestion is denied to them; they belong to that increasing army, not of martyrs, but of those who make martyrs of other people, who are educated above their wits. Miss Dart, a Jack Horner, without his priggish egotism, had picked out the plums from her literary cake: whatever was adapted for illustration or for argument she had retained for use; and, with an instinct of separation and discernment not inferior to that which is ascribed (not always, unhappily, with truth) to the delicate sensibility of our molars, had rejected the rest. Her views of life, if not original, were untrammeled by convention; she had already suffered for this in person; but, on the other hand, it gave a wider range to her ideas, which offered a curious contrast to the narrow limits of her experience. As regards the last, however, though undoubtedly there is an advantage in "seasoned brains," its benefits are liable to be exaggerated. It is possible to have seen a great deal of human life, especially if it is of the same description, and still to remain intensely stupid. Intuition, which is a sort of experience by inspiration, had hitherto supplied its place with Miss Dart; and with such persons not only does a very little experience, especially if it be only sufficiently various, go a long way, but a very considerable knowledge of human affairs can be acquired by reading. Though the newspaper had been in the *Index Expurgatorius* while she was a pupil, when she became a teacher she had been free to read it; and she had, with her usual judgment in the matter of selection, taken full advantage of the permission. By this means she had made herself well acquainted with political and social matters that are commonly but little studied by persons of her age and sex; she took an interest in them, indeed, which was almost phenomenal, and, reversing the usual formula, might have been well described as "of the world, although not in it."

Introspection, however, was not easy to her, for she was far too natural to be self-conscious; and she found that in writing of herself to Mr. Argand—which she felt it due to him to do—she had undertaken a difficult task. She withheld from him, in ignorance, much that it was important to him to know; but only in one thing did she mislead him. "I am afraid," she wrote, "that I have no imagination"—a statement which had its consequences. She made it in all simplicity; but, as a matter of fact, she had often amused herself—having no other means of recreation—by imagining an Elizabeth Dart in quite other circumstances than her real ones, and surrounded by beings of her own creation, as different from her acquaintances in the flesh as fancy could form them. Of this practice she had anything but a high opinion, and, in fact, was ashamed of it; it came under the category of day-dreams, and was to be discouraged.

In conclusion, Miss Dart made no apology for inflicting these details upon her correspondent—for had he not requested them of her—but, though giving her London address, she begged him to spare himself the trouble of a reply. "You have given me at least as much encouragement as is good for me," she wrote, "and there is no fear that the grateful soil will not produce a harvest; though whether it be worth the reaping, it will be for you to judge."

By that morning's post the copy of the *Millennium* containing Miss Dart's paper arrived at the Look-out, and, in spite of her protest, was read aloud by Roger Leyden to the rest.

"I had no idea what an interesting place we lived in," was Mrs. Meyrick's remark on it.

"My picture does not strike you, then, as very like the original?" observed Miss Dart; not on the whole, perhaps, a very happy rejoinder; but she was hampered with a sense of embarrassment from which no young author whose work is the subject of discussion in her own presence can be wholly free.

"Nay, I think it is more like than the original," was the naïve reply. "You have made me recognise beauties in its dear old face which had hitherto escaped me, and I seem to love it in consequence more than ever."

"Let us have no more criticism after that," said Roger Leyden, triumphantly; "Mrs. Meyrick has gone to the root of the matter."

"It was hardly possible to go wrong with such materials," observed Miss Dart, modestly: "even a journeyman who is so fortunate as to find the best Carrara ready to his practised hand must turn out something to be admired; there is always the marble; and I am sure but for you, Mr. Leyden, one half of my sketch at least would not have been written."

"You have touched nothing, my dear young lady, that you have not adorned," answered the antiquary, not gallantly, but in tones of quiet conviction; "What do you think, Matthew?"

"I am thinking, if the writer of that delightful paper is a journeyman," sighed Matthew, "what am I?"

"Considering the quarter from which it comes—a gentleman who writes himself," as Sheridan says," remarked Roger Leyden, clapping his hands, "I think that ought to content you, Miss Dart: eulogiums can no further go."

It may be thought that the approval of private friends upon a literary effort does not count for much. But at all events, it is a rare kind of praise. If a prophet is held in small honour among his own belongings, an author is commonly held in no honour at all. Those of his own household, or his immediate neighbours, are the last to perceive his merit; it is only when it has received public recognition that they swell the note of praise. It seems curious, even to themselves, that "though they lived next door" they "never knew this famous man before." A good many first works, it is true, have been published, if their author is to be believed, at the "request of friends"; but these are at least as often the offspring of imagination as the productions themselves. In the present case, these Critics on the Hearth, though they were but three, were unusually representative: the antiquary, the poet, and Mrs. Meyrick, each belonged to a very different class from the others; and their common opinion was, therefore, all the more propitious. Indeed, had she remained at Casterton, there would have been reason to fear for Miss Dart, at the very outset of her career, the unhappy fate which only too often befalls the veteran of letters—under the focus of an admiring clique, to become ashes, in which his "wonted fires" do not live.

The dangerous ordeal was, however, in her case very brief;

and the flattery of the little circle was soon forgotten in its kindness. The wrench of parting with her Casterton friends was far greater than it had seemed the day before, when she had been going on a shorter journey, and to dwell with those who had a near connection with themselves. She might now be bidding them good-bye for ever!

The farewell interview between Matthew and herself was affectionate, and even tender, but their talk was not of one another. He spoke of his love for Mary, and of its hopelessness, in a manner that wrung her heart; yet she could not but rejoice that he had so spoken to her—it was the highest compliment, she felt, that friendship could pay.

Mrs. Meyrick embraced her with tears and kisses. If good wishes were a burden, she would have sunk under the load. Who was she, and what had she done, she asked of herself, to be treated with such confidence and affection?

At the railway station, miles away, the first to meet her, as she stepped out of the fly, was Roger Leyden, a man who always avoided all places, as she knew, where men do congregate.

It was the first time in her lonely life that anyone had troubled himself to "see her off" by the train; and it touched her very much.

"It is nothing but selfishness on my part," protested the antiquary. "I worship the rising sun. You will one day travel as Princes do (and railway directors), by 'a special.' The stars have said it." Then, as he pressed her hand at the carriage-window, "You will not forget your friends at the Look-out, I know. Write to poor Matthew now and then—you will be the only link between him and the world without."

It was this, she felt, that he had come to impress upon her; for his love for the lad was great.

Hitherto, her journeys (and some of them had been long ones) had been dull enough, her thoughts had been without speculation. But now it was far otherwise; the horizon of her life had been enlarged; her future was full of hope.

Presently, she arrived at the Junction, where she had alighted on her way to Burrow Hall. She shrank back into a corner of the compartment, lest by some chance Major Melburn should be there. She was as safe from his intrusion as though she had been in a balloon. He was one of those men whom it is inconceivable to imagine in a second-class carriage, but it was possible he might be on the platform. That danger past, her thoughts reverted to those connected with him. How were matters going with Mrs. Melburn and poor Mary? she wondered. Was it possible that to the girl's other troubles was added the hateful presence of Mr. Winthrop? The Major, indeed, had assured her that it would not be so, but his word was as worthless as himself.

How wretched was the position of those two women, which she had at one time imagined to be enviable! If there are compensations in one lot, there are drawbacks in another; only it is Heaven which sends the former, and Man who too often creates the latter.

But for that serpent, Jefferson Melburn, Burrow Hall might have been, if not an Eden, at least a happy home. How much better would it be for the world if that "bill for the abolition of scoundrels" could be passed, which one of her favourite authors had declared to be so indispensable. She found herself drawing a comparison between the Major and her unknown friend, Mr. Argand; both, perhaps, with equal gifts, but one of whom had used and the other misused them. Had the one man, she wondered, been always inclined to good, and the other to evil? The religious world, or a portion of it, had a theory that a man receives his call direct and on a sudden from Heaven: was it possible that a call could come from the other direction with equal abruptness? Could Jefferson Melburn with truth have said his prayers at his mother's knee; experienced the enthusiasms and illusions of youth; and now then, all of a sudden, become unwholesome and corrupt? Or had he been born bad? She knew the proverb, *Nemo repente*, &c., and even its free translation by the rather unjust judge ("It takes five years to make an attorney"); but she was not one to accept proverbs with passive submission. Upon the whole, she was inclined to picture the man as a Mephistopheles. She dismissed him from her mind with a shudder, and turned her thoughts to his antithesis—as she imagined him—Felix Argand. What sort of person, she wondered, was he in appearance? A man probably advanced in years, and "crowned with reverence and the silver hair"? She could never tell him how much he had done for her, or how grateful she was to him; but if ever she had the opportunity, she would tell his wife. How proud that wife must be of him!

In the midst of these speculations, which had devoured the way for her, the houses sprang up like magic on either side, each with its little strip of garden running down to the railway line, like brooks to a river. The train began to slacken speed, and the well-known roar of London to greet her ears. It seemed to have a wider and a deeper meaning for them than it had ever had heretofore.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Caine (Liberal) was returned as member for Barrow-in-Furness on Tuesday by a large majority.

A Parliamentary Committee has passed the preamble of a bill to empower the Lambeth Water Company to raise £150,000 additional capital.

It is said that a farm of nearly 1000 acres in Mid Kent has been let rent free for a term of seven years, the landlord undertaking to pay half the repairs.

The final match in the contest for the challenge cup of the Football Association was played last Saturday, at Kennington Oval, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators. In the result the game was declared drawn.

The returns of the Board of Trade show that during the past month 13,824 emigrants of British origin left the United Kingdom, of whom 8878 were for the United States, 1151 for British North America, and 2982 for Australasia. Of these 8789 were English, 1711 Scotch, and 3324 Irish.

There was another considerable decline in the death rate of London last week, when the mortality was more than 200 below the average of the corresponding period of the last ten years. The deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs declined to 506, being 30 below the corrected weekly average.

The Portrait of the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., is from a photograph by Messrs. Appleton and Co., of Bradford; that of the Abbé Liszt, from one by F. Bruckmann, of King-street, Covent-garden (J. F. Schipper and Co.); and that of the late Sir Henry Taylor, from one by W. J. Hawker, of Bournemouth.

The West-End boasts no finer establishment of its kind than the scientific and hygienic dairy of Messrs. Welford and Sons in Elgin-road, Maida-vale. Its exemplary cleanliness, and the kindly consideration which has secured for the numerous employees model dwellings, lately elicited the warm commendation of Princess Louise. Similar admiration was expressed on March 31 by the large party Mr. John Welford conducted over this magnificent dairy, on the occasion of the laying of the commemoration-stone by Mr. Sheriff Clarke, who attended in state with Mrs. Clarke, Mr. L. L. Cohen, M.P., and others.

DEATHS.

On the 27th ult., at Belmont Hall, near Leek, Mary, relict of the late Clement John Sneyd Kynnersley Esq., of Loxley Park, and daughter of the late William Sneyd, Esq., of Ashcombe, aged 78.

On the 30th ult., Dumaresq Le Bas, of Monte Video, aged 40.
* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING ROOM. Painted by F. SARGENT.—Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK and SONS take pleasure in announcing the Exhibition of this magnificent Picture, containing upwards of 130 Portraits, painted from special sittings, her Majesty, the Royal Family, and Leading Members of Society, at the NEW GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25, Old Bond-street. ON VIEW from Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW. by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 188, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY 33, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, HAYMARKET (next the Theatre). Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager, EVERY EVENING at Eight, and EASTER MONDAY at Two, THE LORD HARRY, by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Clydes, Hudson, Coote, Fulton, Bernage, Elliott, Evans, Barrington, De Solla, Carson, and George Barrett; Miss Lottie Venne, Mrs. Huntley, and Miss Eastlake. PRIVATE BOXES, £1 1s. to £9 9s.; STALLS, 10s.; DRESS CIRCLE, 6s.; UPPER BOXES, 3s. BOX-OFFICE, 9.30 TILL FIVE. NO FEES. DOORS OPEN 7.30. CARRIAGES AT 10.45. BUSINESS MANAGER, MR. JOHN COBBE.

NOTICE.—As previously announced, THE LORD HARRY can be presented for a limited number of nights only. In preparation, CLITO, an original tragedy, by Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett.—PRINCESS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, MR. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST at a Quarter to Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five.—LYCEUM.

This Theatre will be closed for Five Nights, APRIL 19 to 23 inclusive, reopening on SATURDAY, the 24th. FAUST, at Eight o'clock.—LYCEUM.

HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, JIM, THE PENMAN, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart. Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Rodney, Mr. Ben Greet, Mr. Forber Dawson, Mr. Winter, Mr. West; Miss Helen Layton, Mrs. Brooke, Miss Lindley, and Lady Monckton. Seats can be booked in advance daily, from Ten till Five. NO FEES.—HAYMARKET.

MORNING PERFORMANCE of JIM, THE PENMAN, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, at Two o'clock. Seats can now be booked. HAYMARKET.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND THE MOST POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD. Twenty-first year, in one unbroken season, at the St. James's Hall of the world-famed

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS. UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF THE NEW PROGRAMME, which will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT, and on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at THREE o'clock as well. Tickets and places can be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

ON GOOD FRIDAY AFTERNOON and NIGHT. Two Special Concerts of Sacred Music will be given, for which purpose the fine orchestra of the company will be greatly increased in numbers.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1866, has much pleasure in announcing the following remarkable representations, for which purpose Mr. Fabian has already engaged—

Mesdames Isaac,	Mesdames Rose Delaunay,
Galli-Marié,	Thullier-Leloir,
" Franck Duvernoy,	Noémie Vernon,
Mons. Bertin-Tauftenberger, &c.	

IN APRIL will be PERFORMED.—

LE GRAND MOULIN,	LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE.
LA PETITE MARIEE.	LA MASCOTTE, &c.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO. This is pursued during the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.

MONTE CARLO is supplied with the following superior Hotels—Grand Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria, Hôtel des Anglais, Grand Hôtel du Monte Carlo, Hôtel de Russie, Beau Rivage, &c.; and furnished villas, together with excellent apartments, are to be obtained.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. WEEKLY, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day from Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. Fare 10s. Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. CHEAP EXPRESS SERVICE WEEK-DAYS AND SUNDAYS. From Victoria 7.30 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m. Fares—Single, 3s., 2s., 1s.; Return, 5s., 4s., 3s. Powerful paddle-steamers, with excellent cabin, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.

Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time-Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-street; Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office. (By order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

Miss Glamore, the well-known elocutionist, will give her dramatic recital at Steinway Hall next Wednesday afternoon, when she will be assisted by Madame Sandarini, Mr. Carl Bernhard, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

A largely-attended meeting of the electors of the City of London took place yesterday week at the Guildhall, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, at which resolutions protesting against the establishment of a separate Parliament in Dublin were passed. The Lord Mayor was also deputed to sign a petition, addressed to both Houses of Parliament, embodying the views of the meeting on the subject.

The Royal Charter of Incorporation of the Princess Helena College, Ealing, which is under the presidency of Princess Christian, has been received by Mr. Bartley, M.P., the chairman. The college, which was founded in 1820, and has on the foundation a certain number of the orphan daughters of officers in the Army and Navy, has much extended since its removal to Ealing. The number of students, including wards or foundationers and others, has risen from thirty to nearly 300.

The trial of the Ipswich election petition ended, on the 11th inst., in Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. West being unseated, owing to the action of Garrard in promising to pay the railway fare of a voter. The Court also held that Robert Norton had been guilty of bribery, but that there was not the slightest pretext for charging either of the respondents with personal corruption. Mr. Jesse Collings resigns his position as Secretary to the Local Government Board.—The question of marking the ballot papers not on the face, reserved for the Queen's Bench by the Judges in the petition for South Gloucestershire, has been decided, the Court being unanimously of opinion that the decision of the Court below that the mark on the back was sufficient was right.—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Mr. Justice Hawkins have decided that a number of Hanoverians who voted at the recent election at Stepney were aliens, and that their votes must accordingly be disallowed. The election Judges who tried the petition have now to ascertain for whom the Hanoverians voted.—Justices Field and Day have dismissed the petition against the return of Mr. Gent-Davis for Kennington, with costs against the petitioners.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

A very few years ago it was considered an extraordinary circumstance if a play ran for a hundred nights either in London or Paris. When such an event did take place, suppers were given, artists were feted, authors were congratulated, and dresses were renewed. Nowadays it is an affair of very little importance indeed. In fact, the modern manager who produces a play that has not strength enough in it to last for one hundred nights considers it a failure, and discards it promptly. Two theatres this week arrived at this lucky hundred, and, having passed that post, the plays acted there promise to obtain a new lease of life. The infusion of Savoy taste and enterprise into the Gaiety management has worked wonders already. The business spirit of Mr. George Edwards, the stage directorate of Mr. R. Barker, one of the most experienced, capable, and energetic of stage managers, who has done wonders before now with many a comic opera, the accession to office of a literary assistant such as Mr. Cunningham Bridgeman, all added to the well-tried experience and popularity of Mr. John Hollingshead, have brought back to the Gaiety that life and vigour that at one time threatened to desert it. The old story of "Jack Sheppard," told by Mr. W. Yardley and Mr. H. P. Stephens in a comical operatic and whimsical fashion, is as different from the old conventional stereotyped form of burlesque as any entertainment can possibly be. It opens up a new field for the telling again of old English stories, with the aid of music and dances, and it allies sense to light and welcome frivolity. There are scores of good old plays that might be brightened up in this fashion and made extremely popular, and it is quite certain that if attempted they will not fail from the want of liberal assistance on the part of the management. A cast that includes Miss E. Farren, Mr. David James, Mr. F. Leslie, Miss Marion Hood, Miss Wadman, and Miss Sylvia Grey is one of unprecedented strength, and, having good material to work upon, they are all seen at their best. As Jack Sheppard, Miss Farren surpasses herself. She is the embodiment of fun, the essential essence of high spirits. She likes her work, and shows that she likes it, and she evidently appreciates the association with Mr. F. Leslie, who is an artist of extraordinary versatility. The scenes in this opera between Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie recall the old merry days at the Strand and the Royalty, when burlesque had a meaning as well as a name. Mr. David James has been associated with all these eras of comic acting. He was himself a tower of strength at the Strand subsequent to his early days there, with Marie Wilton, Rogers, and Clarke; he was in the original cast of "Ixion," at the Royalty; and he now assists, in cordial fashion, to build up the new fabric of comic opera, whose fun is spontaneous, and not dragged in by the heels. The public were getting a little weary of the rows of chorus-girls, feeble in expression, and tedious with their everlasting "goose-step." They wanted something better than ear-distracting puns, that have done service for the last quarter of a century, and a book stuffed with covert advertisements in the guise of topical jokes. Reform was needed, and reform has come; but it is curious, all the same, that the very authors who have instituted the reform should declare that they have merely perpetuated an obsolete entertainment. Miss Farren, in her topical song, satirically alludes to the sneers who said, a short time ago, that the "sacred lamp of burlesque" was burning steadily out. She desires to contradict such assertions by the success of "Jack Sheppard." But no one knows better than Miss Farren the difference between the play and the majority of those that preceded it. She has been the most active and constant member of the Gaiety company since the theatre became the Gaiety, chiefly through her assistance. She has had to make bricks without straw many a time and oft. It is not so now, and so she is seen at greater advantage than has ever been the case before. By degrees, and without disturbing the audience or closing the theatre, they are redecorating and refurnishing the Gaiety.

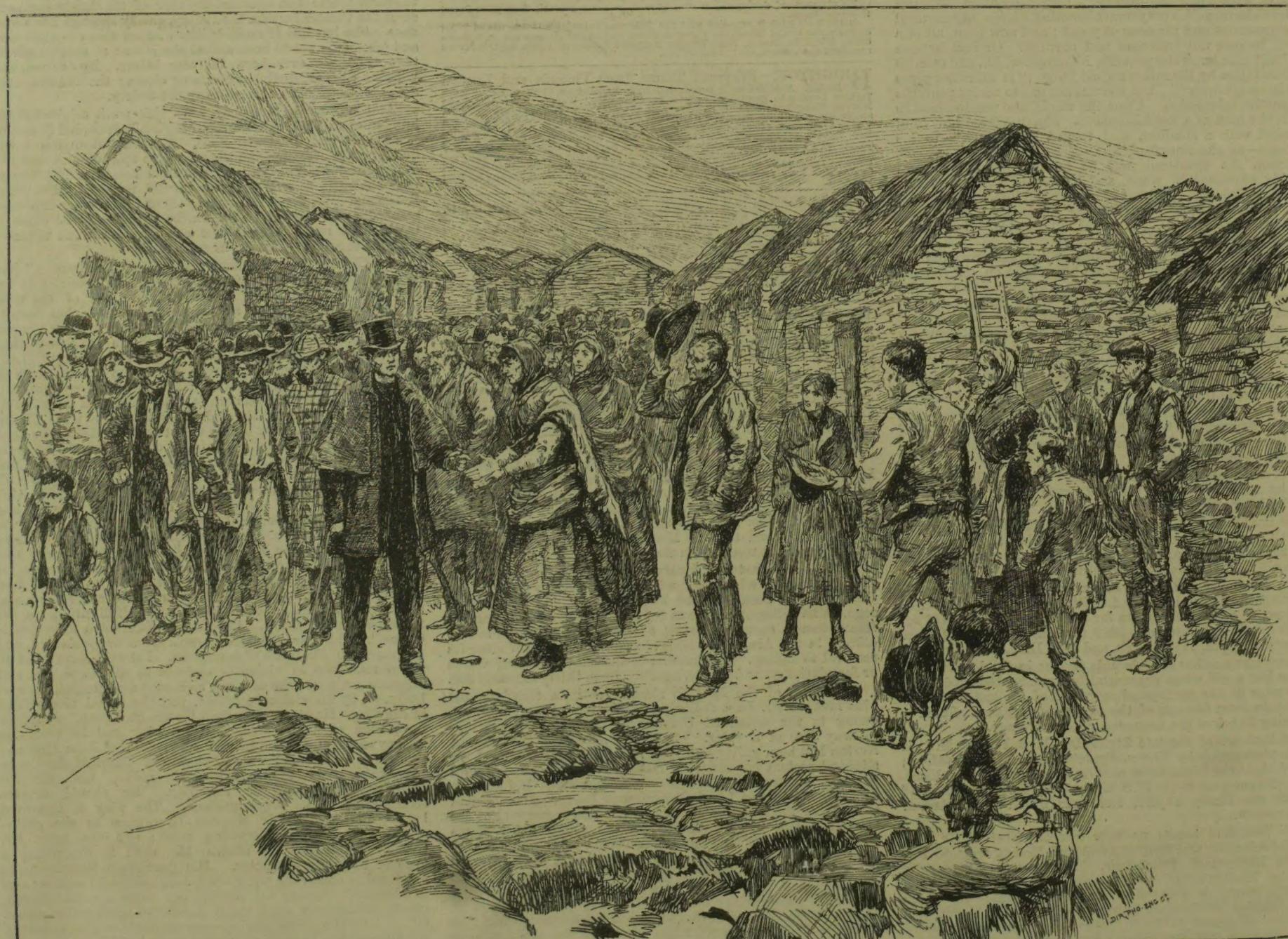
At the Adelphi also they have this week celebrated the hundredth night of "The Harbour Lights," the capital drama by Mr. Pettitt and Mr. G. R. Sims. A new act-drop was introduced on the occasion, and the play goes splendidly, thanks to the general hearty style and powerful acting of Mr. Terriss, that contrasts so well with the earnest pathos of Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Jessie Millward. Now that Easter has been reached so successfully, "The Harbour Lights" will shine in the Strand right through the summer and until winter—horrible thought!—is with us once more.

Sir Charles Young's clever play, "Jim, the Penman," has, as I thought it would, been enthusiastically received at the Haymarket. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, one of the most experienced of playgoers and soundest of critics, has been to see the play and to praise it, and all promises well for a career of success. By this time all concerned are far firmer than they were at the outset, and the play gains accordingly. Lady Monckton, as I hinted last week, has a very difficult task in personating a vigorously-drawn but somewhat unsympathetic woman. Some of her scenes she interprets with remarkable self-possession and finish, and there is not a trace of the nervous unstudied work of the amateur in anything she does. No one but an actress of experience could hold the audience in her grasp during the one important scene when Mrs. Ralston, without uttering a word, compares forged letters with forged cheques, and shows on her face that her whole life's confidence has been misplaced. And in the stronger and more declamatory scene Lady Monckton holds her own, earning enthusiastic applause for the denunciation of the man who has wrecked her life. Three distinct calls rewarded this vigorous outburst on the first night. Jim, the Penman, is almost as difficult a character to get under as that of Mrs. Ralston. Mr. Dacre plays with remarkable earnestness and sincerity; all that he requires is a little self-discipline in the more passionate scenes. All that Mr. Beerbohm Tree does is clever, but his Baron Hartfeld seems to me over-coloured, and too much in the spirit of caricature. I should have liked to see a man not so violently opposed to all sound law and etiquette; a man who does not look such a scoundrel, dress so badly, or, by his violent contrast, put the social picture out of drawing. Hawksley, in "Still Waters Run Deep," would not have been such an interesting character had he worn his villainy on his sleeve and made the household of John Mildmay shudder. It seems to me that Baron Hartfeld should be remarkable for his exaggerated polish, not for his extravagant humour of vulgarity. He should deceive society, not be its laughing-stock. The play is improved by the addition of Mr. Maurice Barrymore to the cast—a safe and always interesting actor; and once more Mr. Charles Brookfield has shown his skill in describing a type of eccentric character. His gentleman-detective is as good and as observant a piece of acting as his cool man-servant in "Odette." Nearly all the smaller parts are well played, one in particular, a small social sketch, but excellently finished off, by Miss Henrietta Lindley—no stranger to the boards of the Haymarket Theatre, where she made her débüt as a mere girl. Mr. Maurice, Mr. Ben Greet, and others, all do well. The play is like an exciting book: once taken up, you cannot put it down again. No one stirs till the curtain is down and all is over.

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. CLAUDE BYRNE.

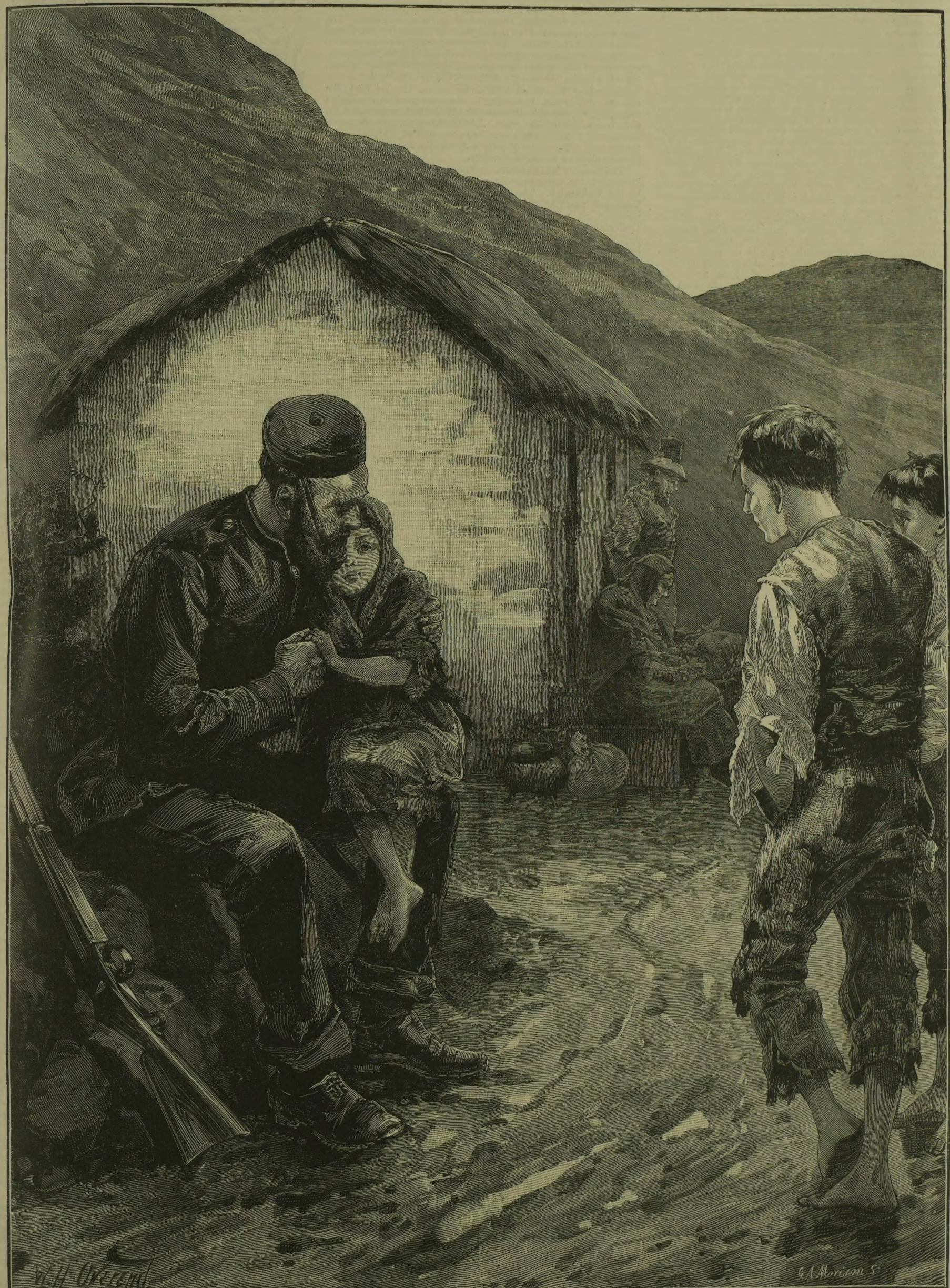


LANDING INDIAN MEAL AT INISHBOFFIN.



A VISIT WITH THE PARISH PRIEST TO DOOAGH, ACHILL ISLAND.

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. CLAUDE BYRNE.



A TOUCH OF NATURE: SCENE AT AN EVICTION ON CLARE ISLAND.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, April 6.

The Government has arrested two journalists—M. Roche, of the *Intransigeant*, and M. Duc-Quercy, of *Le Cri du Peuple*—who by their presence and speeches have been for some weeks fomenting the strike at Decazeville. It is to be remarked that these arrests have provoked not the slightest indignation on the part of the general public. The reason is not far to seek. During the past fifteen years political journalism in France has been growing more and more mediocre, dishonest, and intriguing. Liberty of the press, and the multiplication of newspapers and journalists, who put their fingers in every pie, has resulted in a diminution of the influence of the press, and of the sympathies of the public for pressmen. It is too obvious that men like MM. Roche and Duc-Quercy preach anarchy simply with a view to gaining popularity, and in a political interest. But if the Government thinks fit to arrest those two journalists, why does it not prosecute the two deputies Basly and Camélinat, whose propaganda is far more dangerous than that of the journalists? Why did the Government allow the Paris Municipal Council to send 10,000 francs to the strikers of Decazeville? However, in these days of universal suffrage and ignorant Parliamentarianism, a little firmness is always welcome, and it is better that it should come late than never.

The Chamber is deep in financial discussion. The Cabinet demanded a loan of 1500 millions in order to clear the past and start afresh. The Budget Committee recommends a loan of 900 millions. Meanwhile the city of Paris is preparing to raise a loan of 250 millions. All sorts of projects of public works are being suggested just now, the three most important of which are the abolition of the fortifications around Paris, the construction of a metropolitan railway, and the organisation of the Universal Exhibition of 1889: these two latter projects have already been submitted to the Chamber. The French by no means intend to sacrifice the idea of the celebration of the centenary of 1789; but the celebration, so far as the Universal Exhibition is concerned, will take a purely historical form. The idea is to have a Pavillon-Musée commemorative of the Revolutionary period of 1789-99, a Museum which will become permanent, and be combined with an historical library. The Museum will contain all sorts of revolutionary curiosities and objects of art, a gallery of statues, busts, medallions, and bas-reliefs; and a library of books, newspapers, pamphlets, and broadsides relative to the Revolution and its consequences.

Eight other Russians who have been bitten by wolves arrived in Paris on Sunday, to be treated by M. Pasteur. Out of the nineteen Russians from Smolensk bitten by wolves, two have died. One was terribly bitten in the face, and one of the wolf's teeth was found buried in the flesh; the second was suffering from pneumonia, and his case was altogether very complicated. There is no conclusion to be drawn from these two deaths at present; the efficacy of M. Pasteur's inoculation is no longer doubtful, but he has not yet determined the conditions in which it infallibly acts. M. Pasteur is now studying the curative properties of the vaccine in all varieties of malady, and in a few months he hopes to communicate to the world further results. The committee of the Pasteur Institute has appealed to the representatives of foreign newspapers in Paris, requesting their help in the foundation of this universal and international hospital and laboratory. The idea seems to be that the correspondents of newspapers can induce the editors of their paper to open a public subscription in their columns for the benefit of the future Institut-Pasteur. In any case, I may state that subscriptions are received at the Banque de France and the Crédit Foncier.

The opening of the Salon is nowadays preceded by a number of picture exhibitions of varying interest, amongst which I recommend to visitors to Paris that of the Pastellist François, that of the works of the late Paul Baudry, and that of the water colours of Gustave Moreau at MM. Goupil and Co.'s gallery. M. Moreau has painted sixty-five compositions, which are simply exquisite, illustrating the fables of La Fontaine.

Marie Heilbron died at Nice, and was buried at Paris yesterday. The funeral was a strange one, such as might have been related in the last chapter of one of Balzac's novels. In front of a fine house, in the Avenue de l'Alma, a crowd of sightseers were gazing at a silver-plated hearse, drawn by four horses; on the funeral hangings were the initials "H. P." and a Viscount's crown, in solid silver, and complicated armorial bearings. Some nobleman's funeral, you might have imagined. No. Simply a family of humble Dutch Jews, who were burying their daughter, snatched away in the maturity of her beauty and talent; only, this daughter was a famous theatrical singer, her fortune amounted to several millions, and her husband was the Vicomte de la Panouse. Is the husband at the funeral? No. He is at London in misery, ruined by unfortunate speculations, the history of which is a tragedy. And what mean these red patches, with white favours, attached to the doors and cupboards? These are the seals of Justice, the preliminaries of curious law-suits that are to come. At the cemetery of Montparnasse the Rabbi told us to forget the faults of the lovely Jewess, and remember only the good she had done to her neighbours. Then each one threw three handfuls of earth and the silver hearse hastened away, and we left our Juliette, our Manon, and our Cleopatra alone in her triple coffin in the cold earth.

T. C.

The Crown Princess of Germany has so far recovered that she was able to drive out in a closed carriage on Saturday and Sunday. Her daughter, Princess Victoria, has also quite recovered from her attack of measles.—Prince Bismarck received congratulations on the 1st inst., from all quarters, on his entrance into his seventy-second year.—The Lower House of the Prussian Diet adopted, on the second reading, on the 1st inst., Clause 1 of the bill placing 100,000,000 marks at the disposal of the Government for the purpose of establishing German agricultural colonies in West Prussia and Posen, with a view to arresting the growth of the Polish element.

On Sunday morning the Czar and Czarina, with their children, arrived at Sebastopol, whence they at once proceeded to Livadia.

The Ambassadors at Constantinople met in Conference on Monday, and signed a Protocol appointing Prince Alexander to be Governor of Eastern Roumelia for a period of five years.

The celebration of the anniversary of Greek independence passed off very quietly in Athens. After attending a special service in the cathedral, the King and Queen of Greece left for Corinth, to open the new railway between that place and Nauplia. M. Deliyannis has presented three bills to the Hellenic Chamber, one empowering the Government to contract a loan, and two others having reference to the army and navy.

Some of the railway men on strike in the Western States of America attacked a train last Saturday, and fired upon the police. The fire was returned: seven men were killed, and several others wounded. The men were seeking to prevent

the starting of a freight train which had been loaded without their help.—Heavy floods have occurred in Alabama, causing several deaths and enormous loss of property.—A startling decrease is reported in the numbers of many of the choice varieties of American birds, owing to the wholesale destruction for the purposes of fashion. The American Ornithologists' Union has consequently formed a committee for the protection of North American birds.

The Canadian Finance Minister, the Hon. A. W. McLellan, at Ottawa submitted the Budget on the 1st inst. The estimated revenue for next year is 34,500,000 dols., and expenses 33,124,500 dols. The revenue for the current year up to March 20 was 24,030,060 dols.; and the ordinary expenses, excluding 2,502,936 dols. on account of the North-West rebellion, 28,455,545 dols.; showing a surplus of 574,515 dols.

According to official returns issued on the 1st inst., the revenue of Victoria, Australia, for the past quarter amounted to £1,780,000, being an increase of £102,000 as compared with the same period of last year. The Customs revenue shows an increase of £53,000, and the railway receipts of £37,750.—The revenue of the colony of South Australia for the past nine months shows a serious deficiency.

The Viceroy left Calcutta on Tuesday week, and arrived at Durbangha the same evening, where he was cordially received by the Maharajah. The Municipal Commission also met the Viceroyal party at the station, and presented an address of welcome, in which grateful reference was made to Lady Dufferin's work on behalf of Indian women. The following day the Viceroy laid the foundation-stone of the Dufferin hospital, which was the only public function that marked the visit. The party started on Thursday morning for Benares. The Nizam of Hyderabad on Sunday opened, with great ceremony, the railway between Secunderabad and Warangal. The line is eighty-seven miles in length. The Begum of Bhopal, after a prolonged visit to Calcutta, has returned to her State.

The Emperor and Empress of China, together with the Princess and the Ministers, have left Pekin on a visit to the tombs, with an escort of 10,000 men.

DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

Our Special Artist in Mayo and West Galway, Mr. Claude Byrne, who is visiting the islands on that coast in company with those engaged in distributing relief, seed potatoes, meal for food, and small gifts of money, to the famishing people, sends further Sketches, in addition to those published last week. Besides the large island of Achill, close to the Mayo coast, and Inishboffin and Shark Island, off the north-west shore of Galway, which we have described, there is Clare Island, at the mouth of Clew Bay, the inhabitants of which are suffering extreme distress. In the House of Commons, last week, in reply to a question from Mr. Deasy, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. John Morley, said he was informed that twenty-seven eviction processes had been served on tenants in Clare Island; and he added, "from circumstances within the knowledge of the Government, I think it may reasonably be assumed that some of the tenants who have been processsed for rent are in receipt of charitable relief. If it should prove to be really so, I must say it appears to me strange—to use no stronger term—that such a step should be resorted to at a time when the public are coming forward with subscriptions towards the relief of these same people, and when the Government have thought it incumbent upon them to bring in a measure for the same purpose." We do not, however, pretend to offer any comment upon the transaction, beyond directing attention to the scene represented in one of our Artist's Sketches. We have given some account of the good work which Mr. James Tuke is carrying out in those distressed districts, in providing seed potatoes for the small occupiers of land. Mr. Tuke is in need of further funds to complete his work, and would be thankful for additional help. Subscriptions for this purpose should be sent to Mr. Sydney Buxton, 15, Eaton-place, S.W.

BOYCOTTING IN IRELAND.

It has been announced this week, to the satisfaction of all well-wishers to Ireland, that the National League has issued a circular directing its local branches to put a stop to "boycotting." The systematic proscription of persons who either oppose the political action of the League, or in their private dealings, as tradesmen, labourers, or neighbours, hold intercourse with those concerned in letting or occupying land contrary to what the League thinks right between landlord and tenant, is a gross usurpation of authority, exercised in a cruel and oppressive manner. The continuance of such practices is most prejudicial, in the minds of Englishmen, to every demand of increased political privileges for Ireland; and those who have always desired to see a limitation of the power of landlords to evict, and who have sympathised with efforts to relieve the distressed victims of that process in many cases of undoubted hardship, feel justly indignant when innocent people who happen, in their ordinary calling, to have some incidental connection with the offending party, are visited with a denial of social rights and liberties. It is impossible that trade or agriculture can prosper in any country, or that there can be peace, freedom, and true civilisation, unless the boycotting system, which we have no intention to confound, with violent outrages, attacks on the person, or malicious damage to property, be finally abandoned. Our Artist, who is an Irishman, contributes a Sketch of one of the least oppressive modes of boycotting—the prohibition of buyers for a lot of pigs at Thurles Fair. The appended Sketch, in which a woman appears to be solicited for her subscription to the League, reminds us of the connection between the League and this detestable system—henceforth, we trust, to become a thing of the past.

Herr Palisa, of Vienna, has discovered another minor planet, bringing up the number of these small bodies to 254.

Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have retired from their extensive trade in Ireland as wholesale booksellers and venders, the business, the headquarters of which are in Dublin, being transferred to Messrs. Charles Eason and Son, who for many years have had the management of the concern.

A beautiful stained-glass window has been placed in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, in memory of Major Covey, 68th Durham Light Infantry, by his brother officers, the subject chosen being that of Martha and Mary meeting our Lord outside the town of Bethany, when on his way to the grave of Lazarus.—Three handsome stained-glass windows (designed and executed by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne) have recently been placed in the parish church, Market Harborough, to the memory of the late Rev. Frederick Barfoot Saunt, B.A. (formerly Rev. F. Roberts, B.A.), of Melbury Bubb Rectory, Dorset, by his widow.—A fine stained-glass window has been placed at the south end of the Raleigh aisle of Nettlecombe Church, near Taunton. The window consists of two lights, representing in the one, the act of charity, "Giving Bread," and in the other, "Teaching the Ignorant." The work has been designed and carried out by Messrs. Mayer and Co.

OBITUARY.

LORD PENRHYN.

The Right Hon. Edward Gordon Douglas-Pennant, Lord Penrhyn of Llandegai, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Carnarvon, Colonel in the Army (retired) and Hon. Colonel 4th Battalion the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, died on the 31st ult., at Penrhyn Castle, near Bangor. He was born June 20, 1800, the third son of the Hon. John Douglas, by Lady Frances, his wife, daughter of Edward,

Earl of Harewood, and was grandson of James, sixteenth Earl of Morton, K.T. His elder brother, George Sholto, succeeded his cousin, as nineteenth Earl of Morton, and was grandfather of the present Earl. In 1815, he entered the Army in the Grenadier Guards, retiring in 1847; in 1858, he was appointed Hon. Colonel Royal Carnarvon Militia, and in 1866, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Carnarvonshire. From 1841 to 1866 he sat in the House of Commons as member for that county, in the Conservative interest. In the latter year he was raised to the Peerage. Lord Penrhyn married first, Aug. 6, 1833, Juliana Isabella Mary, eldest daughter and coheiress of Mr. George Hay Dawkins-Pennant of Penrhyn Castle, and assumed by Royal license the additional surname of Pennant. By her (who died, April 25, 1842) he had two sons and four daughters. He married secondly, Jan. 26, 1846, Lady Mary Louisa FitzRoy, daughter of the fifth Duke of Grafton, and by her leaves five daughters. The only surviving son, George Sholto, now second Lord Penrhyn, late M.P. for Carnarvonshire, was born Sept. 30, 1836, has been twice married, and has issue.

SIR A. F. G. D. WEBSTER, BART.

Sir Augustus Frederick George Douglas Webster, seventh Baronet, of Battle Abbey, Commander R.N., died on the 27th ult., at his residence, Hildon, near Winchester. He was born April 19, 1819, the second son of Sir Godfrey Vassal Webster, fifth Baronet, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his elder brother, the late Sir Godfrey, in 1853. He entered the Royal Navy in 1833, and served through the Chinese War of 1842. He married, May 31, 1862, Amelia Sophia, daughter of Mr. Charles Prosser-Hastings, and leaves, with other issue, a son and successor, Sir Augustus Frederick Walpole Edward Webster, eighth Baronet, Lieutenant Grenadier Guards, born Feb. 10, 1864. The late Baronet was the first Master of the East Sussex Foxhounds.

GENERAL SIR H. D. WHITE.

General Sir Henry Dalrymple White, K.C.B., Colonel 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, died on the 27th ult., at Marden Ash, Bournemouth, aged sixty-five. He was eldest son of Vice-Admiral Sir John Chambers White, K.C.B., and gained much distinction by his military services. Throughout the Crimean Campaign he commanded the Inniskilling Dragoons, and at Balaclava was in the first line in action when Scarlett's Heavy Brigade defeated the Russian cavalry. In requital, he received the decoration of C.B., the Legion of Honour, and the order of the Medjidieh. Subsequently he commanded the cavalry in Ireland and at Aldershot, and was made K.C.B. in 1877. He married, first, in 1858, Louisa Mary, daughter of Mr. Martin Tucker Smith, M.P.; and, secondly, in 1863, Alice Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Neill Malcolm, of Poltalloch.

SIR G. E. HODGKINSON.

Sir George Edmund Hodgkinson, D.L. for Middlesex and J.P. for Middlesex and Westminster, died at Bournemouth, on the 26th ult., aged sixty-nine. He was Sheriff of London in 1851, and received the honour of knighthood on the occasion of the Queen's visit to the City in that year. Sir George married, in 1848, Helen, daughter of Mr. Luke Hopkinson, of Bedford-row, and became a widower in 1864.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., whose memoir is given in another part of this paper, with a portrait.

General Sir Trevor Chute, K.C.B., suddenly, on the 26th ult., at his residence at Bingfield, near Reading, aged seventy.

Mr. Edwards Dyson, J.P., of Denne Hill, Kent, and Willow Hall, Yorkshire, late Major 3rd Dragoon Guards, on the 30th ult.

The Rev. Thomas Jackson, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, and for twenty-five years Rector of Stoke Newington, on the 27th ult., in his seventy-fourth year.

Major Miller, one of the heroes of the Crimea, on the 26th ult., at Maidstone, aged seventy-six. The deceased officer served thirty-two years in the Scots Greys, and for distinguished bravery at Balaclava was awarded a commission.

The Hon. and Rev. Richard Cavendish Townshend Boyle, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, on the 31st ult., aged seventy-four. He was fourth son of Edmund, eighth Earl of Cork, K.P.

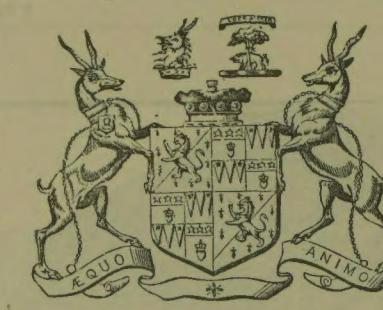
The Rev. John Maunoir Sumner, Rector of Buriton and Petersfield, eldest son of Charles Richard, Bishop of Winchester, by Jane, his wife, daughter of Mr. J. P. Maunoir, on the 1st inst., in his seventieth year.

Mr. James Lomax, of Clayton Hall, in the county of Lancaster, J.P. and D.L., a prominent Catholic in the north of England, and munificent donor to Roman Catholic institutions. He erected, at his own cost, the Church of Our Lady and St. Hubert at Great Harwood.

Colonel the Hon. James Hay Fraser, late of the Bengal Staff Corps, brother of the late Lord Saltoun, and fifth son of the Hon. Simon Fraser, by Elizabeth Graham, his wife, daughter of the late David Macdowall Grant, of Arndilly, on the 27th ult., aged fifty-three. He served in the Indian Mutiny, and at one time commanded Hodson's Horse.

Mrs. Anne Sarah Jervis, on Feb. 28, at the Villa Delgiudice, Posillipo, Naples, aged eighty-five. She was relict of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Best Jervis, of the Bombay Engineer Corps. For many years she had been deeply interested in the welfare of the English-speaking seamen frequenting the busy port of Naples, and heartily took up the cause of the Harbour Mission.

Lady Erskine (Anna), at Leamington, on the 26th ult. She was the daughter of William Cunningham Cunningham-Graham, of Gartmore, Finlaystone and Ardoch (which family claims the dormant earldom of Menteith and Airth), and of Anna Dickson, daughter of the Bishop of Downe. She married, first, Thomas Durham Calderwood, of Largo and Polton; secondly, David Lord Erskine, a cadet of the Erskines of Buchan; and thirdly, the Venerable John Sandford, Arch-deacon of Coventry.



MUSIC.

FRANZ LISZT.

We referred, last week, to the principal musical performances given in honour of the visit of Liszt to this country, after an absence of some forty-five years. Previous to the public recognitions of the distinguished visitor, a reception took place last Saturday evening, at Westwood House, Sydenham (the residence of Mr. Henry Littleton, principal of the firm of Novello, Ewer, and Co.), where Liszt has been staying. A large gathering was assembled, comprising many celebrities, and the appearance of the venerable composer was greeted with a genuine enthusiasm, with which he was strongly impressed. His fine face, flowing grey hair, and strongly-marked yet genial features were objects of reverential admiration to the numerous guests who crowded the music-saloon of Westwood House and the adjacent apartments. A selection of Liszt's music was given, including pianoforte solos skilfully played by Mr. Frederic Lamond, Mr. Walter Bache, and Mr. Coenon; vocal pieces having been contributed by Mr. Winch, Mr. Whitney, and Miss Hope Glenn. Mr. E. Lockwood assisted at the harp, and Mr. Coward at the harmonium.

On Monday afternoon, a public rehearsal of Liszt's grand oratorio, "St. Elizabeth," took place at St. James's Hall, where the work was performed on Tuesday evening, this occasion having been the last of the series of six "Novello's Oratorio Concerts." The oratorio has already been noticed by us, in reference to the performance of a portion at one of Dr. Wylde's concerts, some years ago, and subsequently of nearly the whole at a concert given by Mr. Walter Bache. The "Legend of St. Elizabeth" has been made familiar to English readers through Kingsley's poem, "The Saint's Tragedy," which is founded on the well-known tradition of the Catholic Church, the leading incidents of which are used in the text, by Otto Roquette, of Liszt's oratorio. This work consists of two parts, which comprise six scenes, respectively entitled "Arrival of the Child Elizabeth at Wartburg," "Hunting Song," "The Crusaders," "Landgrave Sophie," "Elizabeth," and "Solemn Interment of Elizabeth." The characters in the supposed action are St. Elizabeth, Landgravine Sophie, Landgrave Ludwig, Landgrave Herrmann, a Hungarian magnate, the Seneschal, and Emperor Frederick II. of Hohenstaufen.

The oratorio opens with an orchestral introduction, the following music consisting of choruses, and pieces for the solo voices. As in all Liszt's most important compositions, the conventional forms of musical art are disregarded, and the independence of his strongly-marked character is impressed on the whole production with a force and power that remove it from comparison with the works of most other composers. The earnest and high endeavour which distinguishes Liszt's principal works is very conspicuous in his "St. Elizabeth," to the music of which he has imparted a strong local and historical tone by old national Hungarian melodies (the scene being laid in that country), and some ancient church phrases, these being interwoven with much skill, although, it must be admitted, occasionally with some degree of laboured effort. The style of the solo music is chiefly declamatory; and in this respect, and also in the florid and elaborate nature of much of the orchestral writing, Liszt, as in other of his works, appears to have been powerfully influenced by Wagner. Among the best of the pieces for solo voices are the dialogues for Elizabeth and Ludwig in the scene of "The Miracle of the Roses," the music in which she tries to dissuade her husband from going to the Crusade; that in which Elizabeth bewails her banishment by her mother-in-law, Sophie; and that in the following scene of Elizabeth's dying soliloquies when reduced to poverty. Madame Albani's shares in all this music were rendered with exquisite purity of voice and style; pathos and tenderness having been expressed with touching effect. In the declamatory passages for the stern Sophie Miss Pauline Cramer sang with genuine dramatic feeling; Mr. Santley's music (that of Ludwig) having been given throughout in thoroughly artistic style. Next in importance must be mentioned Mr. F. King, who gave passages assigned to the Seneschal and the Emperor Friedrich, with good effect. Subordinate characters were allotted to Messrs. W. L. Whitney and V. Edwards.

Some of the choral writing also is effective, particularly the movements in the first scene, welcoming the arrival of Elizabeth, the choruses of Crusaders, the chorus of the poor, that for angels, and some of the closing passages bewailing the death of Elizabeth.

The orchestral writing is very picturesque, particularly the introduction, the storm movement, and the interlude near the end of the oratorio. The choral and instrumental details were generally well rendered, and the performance—conducted by Mr. Mackenzie—was altogether very satisfactory. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Louise were present, as was the composer, who was introduced by the Prince to the Princess.

On Tuesday afternoon a reception was given to Liszt by the Royal Academy of Music, in the concert-room of the institution. Pianoforte and violin performances (with orchestra), respectively, by Miss D. Bright and Miss W. Robinson, and a Pianoforte Study (of Liszt's) by Mr. S. B. Webbe were prominent features of the day; the most important of all, however, having been the unexpected pleasure of hearing Liszt himself, who played two pieces with charming effect. An address was delivered by Sir G. A. Macfarren, Principal of the Academy; and the institution of the Liszt Scholarship, founded therein, was presented by Mr. Walter Bache.

Of other proceedings of the week, associated with the visit of Liszt, we must speak hereafter. His oratorio was repeated at St. James's Hall—with a change of vocalists—at the annual spring concert of the London Academy of Music; a reception was given to him by his pupil, friend, and strenuous advocate, Mr. Walter Bache, at the Grosvenor Gallery; a Liszt concert (orchestral and vocal) was instituted at St. James's Hall, by Herr L. Emil Bach; and the Crystal Palace concert of this (Saturday) afternoon will be rendered tributary to our distinguished visitor by the performance of a selection from his works.

Her Majesty honoured the Abbé Liszt with an invitation to Windsor Castle on Wednesday; and Messrs. Erard were commanded by the Queen to send a pianoforte to Windsor for his use.

The third concert of the seventy-fourth season of the Philharmonic Society included the performance (for the first time in England) of an elaborate violin concerto composed by Dvorák, and brilliantly executed by Franz Ondříček, who created a very favourable impression. No other novelty calls for notice. Madame Rose Hersee was the vocalist.

Mr. Frederick Lamond has completed his series of three recitals at Prince's Hall. We have already spoken of the remarkable executive skill displayed by the young pianist. On the third occasion he particularly distinguished himself by a fine performance of the grandest, most elaborate, and most difficult of all pianoforte sonatas, that by Beethoven in B flat. Op. 108. Another recital is to be given next Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Walter Clifford, a rising baritone singer associated with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, gave a concert (one of the

Brompton Hospital entertainments) on Tuesday evening, when his programme comprised his own vocal performances and other interesting features.

Mr. C. V. Stanford's oratorio, "The Three Holy Children," was performed at St. James's Hall, by the London Musical Society, during the week. The work was produced at the Birmingham Festival in August last, and met with very great success, as then recorded. Of its recent performance we must speak next week.

The third concert of the Highbury Philharmonic Society's concerts for the present season was given on Monday evening, with an excellent programme.

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society give a concert, with a good programme, this (Saturday) evening, at St. James's Hall.

Mr. Smith, a surgeon, of Bishop's Lideard, Taunton, has bequeathed £10,000 to the Royal Medical Benevolent College.

Tom Challoner, the famous jockey, died at Osborne House, Newmarket, last Saturday afternoon.

A parcel was received last week at the Swansea Infirmary, and on being opened it was found to contain Bank of England notes to the amount of £600. Upwards of £3000 has been received in the same mysterious way during the past few years.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Antonio José De Souza, master of the tug Conductor, Lisbon, for his kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the steamship Cornishman, of Cardiff, of Jan. 8 last.

An important addition was made to the active list of the Royal Navy last Saturday by the completion for sea of her Majesty's corvette Comus (14), which has been under repair at Sheerness since November, 1864.

A large number of steamers have arrived from American and Canadian ports during the past week, and the imports show a marked increase, the total imports being 902 cattle, 12,000 quarters of beef, and 685 carcasses of mutton.

Mr. Brunet Debaines is engaged by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi to etch an important plate of Karl Heffner's fine picture of Windsor, which is now on view for a short time at their establishment in Pall-mall East.

A bazaar of useful and fancy articles, in aid of the Mission to the French in London and Great Britain, carried on entirely by voluntary contributions, under the superintendence of M. Le Pasteur du Pontet de la Harpe, B.D., has been held this week in the Townhall, Kensington.

A dinner in aid of the funds of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, took place yesterday week at the Albion Tavern, the Lord Mayor in the chair. Subscriptions and donations were announced to the amount of £2658, and it was stated that Mr. J. D. Allcroft has endowed twenty-four beds for two years, at a cost of £2000.

A full meeting of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute took place last Monday, when a paper by Mr. W. P. James, F.L.S., giving a careful résumé of the various records of the Creation current among nations in ancient and modern times, was read. The recent decease of the talented author was specially referred to by the chairman.

A handsome red granite needle, fourteen feet high, has been erected in Isleworth cemetery, to the memory of Alice Ayres, aged twenty-six, who met her death in saving three children, committed to her charge, from a fire which occurred in Union-street, Borough, April 24, last year. Isleworth was the birthplace of the brave girl.

Mr. Murray Smith, C.M.G., having resigned the office of Agent-General for Victoria, the Government of that colony have requested Major-General Sir Andrew Clarke, G.C.M.G., an Executive Councillor of the colony, and formerly Minister of Public Lands at Melbourne, to act as Chairman of the Board of Advice, with all the ordinary powers of Agent-General, until the arrival of the Hon. Graham Berry, who succeeds to that office.

Epsom Spring Meeting opened in fine spring weather on Tuesday, when the Prince of Wales was present to see Mr. T. Cannon's Postscript beat Scylla by three lengths in the exciting race for the Great Metropolitan Stakes, Swillington being third, a similar distance behind Scylla. On Wednesday, the favourite won the City and Suburban, seventeen running for the big race, which resulted in Royal Hampton, Highland Chief, and Lonely being respectively first, second, and third. Royal Hampton ran third to Melton and Paradox in last year's Derby.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland visited the Royal Irish Constabulary dépôt in the Phoenix Park on the 1st inst., and inspected the men. Afterwards his Excellency, addressing the commanding officer, said that the Royal Irish Constabulary had earned a high reputation both in Great Britain and Ireland, and there was no doubt that this reputation would be maintained. The force at all times deserved the confidence and respect of the nation.—The Countess of Aberdeen was present on Monday afternoon at the nineteenth anniversary meeting and distribution of prizes of the Church of Ireland Young Women's Christian Association, in the large hall of Trinity Church, Gardiner-street.

The final arrangements with regard to the production of Mr. Todhunter's classical English play, "Helena in Troas," have now been made, a guarantee fund of upwards of £1000 having been formed. The play will be produced at Hengler's Circus, altered by Mr. E. W. Godwin so as to represent a Greek theatre, with its various accessories. The characters in the play are—Priam (Mr. Herman Vezin), Paris (Mr. Beerbohm Tree), Hecuba (Miss Lucy Roche), Oenone (Mrs. Beerbohm Tree), and Helena (Miss Alma Murray). The last-named part was originally intended for Mrs. Langtry, who has, however, in consequence of her health, been forced to forego this additional tax upon her powers. There will be six performances, on the afternoons of May 17, 19, 21, 24, 25, and 27.

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THE SILENT MEMBER.

We are nothing if not Irish this week. Saxon, and Norman, and Celt are we—but all of us Celts in welcome of thee, Hibernia! The overture to the great Celtic drama, barely interrupted by the strike of one or two first fiddlers, has but served to increase public interest in the great play of the Session. Indeed, the rare dramatic art of Mr. Gladstone in making himself the centre of interest on the occasion of each political crisis has never been more notable than at this supreme juncture. The Premier's entrance upon the scene, like a well-graced actor, on Thursday, the Eighth of April, was awaited with really almost breathless suspense. Well-kept was the secret of the Gladstone plan framed to satisfy the national desire of Ireland for Home Rule in regard to Irish affairs, guarded by provisions to insure the supremacy of the Crown and the integrity of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. So momentous a proposal as this demands the most careful consideration before judgment is passed. Albeit the mere contemplation of Mr. Gladstone's project in its initiatory form appears to have discouraged the Marquis of Hartington and Sir Henry James from joining the Government, and the development of the scheme led to the secession of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan, it may be well to bear in mind that the Prime Minister is still supported by such able colleagues as Baron Herschell (not to be excelled as Lord Chancellor), Earl Spencer, Earl Granville, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Childers, Lord Rosebery, Lord Kimberley, the Marquis of Ripon, Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Mundella, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Stansfeld, who are said to have approved the Irish Government Bill at Tuesday's Cabinet Council. In view of the sanction of Mr. Gladstone's measure by such highly esteemed statesmen as these, to any fair-minded Englishman it must appear, to say the least, surprising that Mr. Chamberlain should have felt himself warranted in writing to a Liverpool correspondent that "nothing would have induced" him to separate from Mr. Gladstone "but a sense that the greatest national interests are compromised by his proposals."

The Marquis of Salisbury's return to London from Monte Carlo on Saturday last was followed by an interchange of ideas between the ex-Premier and the Marquis of Hartington. The latter noble Lord on Tuesday received visits from Sir Henry Ponsonby (the Queen's private secretary), and from the Marquis of Salisbury, who is reported, on the eve of the formation of the present Gladstone Ministry, to have expressed to the Marquis of Hartington his willingness to serve under him if he would undertake to head a Government. It is understood that Lord Hartington, honourably steadfast to his adherence to the Party with which he has worked with distinction for so many years, firmly resisted the temptations to desert the Liberal colours. Now, as then, his Lordship faithfully holds fast by the same principles. At the same time, the warmth with which the Marquis of Salisbury greeted Lord Hartington's bosom friend, Sir Henry James, in front of the throne in the House of Lords, on Tuesday, seemed to betoken that the Leader of the Conservative Party will leave no device untried to persuade the leading "Secessionists" to "come over and join us."

By the lamented death of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster at his town house, on Monday, the country has lost a statesman who was justly regarded as one of our safest political guides, and who with Mr. John Bright rendered invaluable service by powerfully and wisely advocating the cause of the North during the Civil War in America. The earnest and sympathetic tribute paid to his worth by Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons on Tuesday, and warmly indorsed by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, will not be the least treasured memorial of Mr. Forster, "a man," to quote the Prime Minister, "upon whom there can be no doubt Nature had laid a hand for the purpose of forming a thoroughly genuine and independent character."

April opened in the House of Lords, not with the disclosure of the all-important Irish measure Lord Salisbury ironically suggested might aptly be brought forward on the First of April, but with the entrance of Lord Stalbridge (Lord Richard Grosvenor) and Lord Kensington to that sanctuary where the Commons cease from troubling and worn "Whips" are at rest. Lord Bury, in an animated and persuasive speech, displaying considerable familiarity with the intricacies of electric lighting, eloquently pleaded the cause of the capitalists and of investors, and, in the interests of all concerned, successfully urged that the three electric lighting bills should be referred to a Select Committee. It was satisfactory to gather, on the 2nd, from Lord Thurlow's answer to Lord Sidmouth, that the Government have under consideration the desirability of forming harbours of refuge round our coasts—safeguards so obviously necessary that it is not easy to see why further time should be wasted in procrastinating "consideration." The Marquis of Salisbury's reappearance in his place on Monday was matter for congratulation on the part of the Opposition; but the noble Leader of the Opposition took no part in the discussion raised by Lord Ribblesdale as to the desirability of releasing Zebehr Pasha from Gibraltar—a suggestion which Lord Rosebery justifiably nipped in the bud. Their Lordships' benevolent consideration for the welfare of lunatics and idiots occupied their legislative attention on Tuesday. But the aforesaid coqueting of Lord Salisbury with Sir Henry James was actually the most noticeable and suggestive event of the day.

Flower in his button-hole, and plainly refreshed by his brief holiday at Lord Wolverton's suburban seat near Kingston, Mr. Gladstone was quite his buoyant self when he resumed his seat on the Treasury bench on Monday. Mr. Stansfeld took the oath and his seat for Halifax, and joined his colleagues as Mr. Chamberlain's successor to the Presidency of the Local Government Board, for the administration of which peculiarly onerous office the right hon. gentleman is well qualified. Under the astute guidance of the shrewd and canny Lord Advocate, the Crofters' Relief Bill has dragged its slow length along in Committee, affording a dwindling House abundant opportunity of hearkening unto the sweet music of Sir George Campbell's delivery, and of listening to the still small voice of towering Mr. Macfarlane with the Niagara beard. Meantime, the majority of the Commons have in the refectories of the House (sadly dear though they be, in the opinion of Mr. Biggar, who betrays a monk-like interest in the restaurant) nursed their powers of endurance for the performance of his great sensational act by the "Old Parliamentary Hand."

The Architectural and Building Trades Exhibition was formally opened at the Agricultural Hall on Monday.

Trout-fishing has now begun in the Thames, but other fish are fenced till June 16, when the general all-round angling will open.

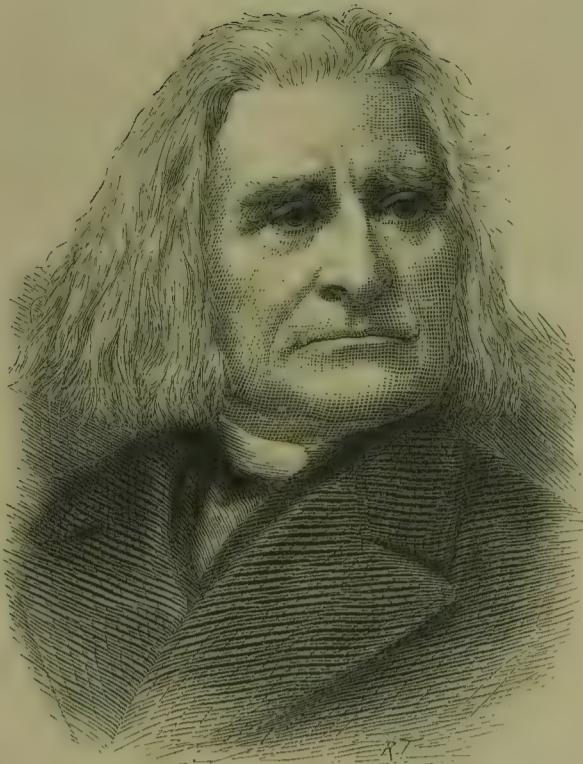
It is intended to hold an exhibition in the City of "home art-work," entirely executed by bank officers and clerks. The committee have asked the Corporation to grant the use of rooms in the Guildhall for this purpose.



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THE ABBÉ LISZT, MUSICAL COMPOSER.



THE LATE SIR HENRY TAYLOR, K.C.M.G., POET AND ESSAYIST.

THE ABBÉ LISZT.

Franz Liszt was born at Raiding, in Hungary, in 1811. When only nine years old, he made his first appearance in public with such success as to fix his future career as a pianist. From his youth, until recently, Liszt was known on the Continent and in this country as one of the greatest performers on the pianoforte that have ever existed, not merely as a brilliant player in the bravura style, but—more important still—as an intellectual exponent of the works of the great composers, notably those of Beethoven. His first visit to London was in 1824, when the performances of "Master Liszt" were special features in our musical season. His last appearance here, until now, was in 1840. Liszt's fame as a

great pianist did not satisfy his ambition. He desired to be known as a great composer, and has produced a vast number of works in various styles which remain to prove his high artistic accomplishment and earnest endeavour. His orchestral pieces are compositions on a grand and vast scale, many of which have been heard here, some for the first time through the agency of Liszt's enthusiastic pupil and friend Mr. Walter Bache. Liszt's general attainments and personal character—apart from his professional greatness—are of a noble order. He is of a chivalric nature, and his generosity, public and private, have been many. Among the former may be specified the realisation, through him, of the erection of a statue to Beethoven in the composer's birthplace, Bonn; and the large money aid furnished by Liszt to the many sufferers by the

inundations at Pesth in 1837. The wide acceptance of Wagner's dramatic works in Germany was largely due to the energetic advocacy of Liszt, who is still, as he has ever been, an enthusiast in all that he undertakes. In earlier years he was perhaps scarcely appreciated in this country. For any shortcomings then, the enthusiasm of his reception here during this week may suffice to atone.

We have been requested to state that the gold casket manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell for presentation to Prince Albert Victor of Wales, which was figured in our Issue of last week, was designed for that eminent firm by Mr. Swaffield Brown.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE THE BOATS PASSING UNDER BARNES RAILWAY BRIDGE.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

The annual contest between the champion eight-oar crews of the two Universities took place on Saturday last, over the usual course on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake. The Cambridge boat won by two-thirds of a boat-length, traversing the distance in twenty-two minutes and thirty-nine seconds. The boats started at a quarter before two in the afternoon. The weather being pleasant, there were large crowds of spectators at Putney, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Barnes, and Mortlake. The Oxford boat was manned by Mr. W. S. Unwin, of Magdalen College; Mr. L. S. R. Byrne, of Trinity; Mr. W. St. L. Robertson, Wadham; Mr. C. R. Carter, Corpus; Mr. H. McLean, New College; Mr. F. O. Wethered, Christ Church; Mr. D. H. McLean, New College; and Mr. H. Girdlestone, Magdalen (stroke oar); with Mr. W. E. Maynard, of Exeter College, as coxswain. The Cambridge crew consisted of Messrs. C. J. Bristow, Trinity Hall; N. P. Symonds, St. John's; J. Walmsley, Trinity Hall; A. D. Flower, Clare; S. Fairbairn, Jesus; S. D. Muttlebury, Third Trinity; C. Parclay, Third Trinity; and F. J. Pitman, Third Trinity; with Mr. G. H. Baker, Queen's, for coxswain. The umpire was Mr. R. Lewis Lloyd, of Magdalen College, Cambridge. The choice of sides of the river fell to the Oxford crew, who chose the Surrey side. The tide up had slackened before the boats started. The Cambridge boat, after a few strokes, began to gain inch by inch, and was half a length ahead off Craven Cottage; but the Oxford boat drew up level with its opponent off the Crab Tree, when both were going very fast, the crews rowing 38 strokes a minute. Off the Soapworks, the Oxford crew got a lead of a quarter of a length; but the Cambridge men regained an equal position before reaching Hammersmith Bridge. The two boats went through the same span of the bridge precisely together; but the eddy from one of the piers had an unfavourable effect on Oxford, enabling Cambridge to get ahead by about six feet. Oxford, however, almost immediately recovered this loss, and got ahead by a whole length at the Waterworks, about half way along the course. It seemed as if Oxford—with the bigger boat, the heavier crew, working well together, and the more sheltered position—was likely to win. But Cambridge made a great and steady effort, gaining slightly, in approaching Chiswick Eyot. After this, Oxford suddenly went ahead, got a lead of one length and a quarter, crossed the river to the Middlesex side in front of Cambridge,

and was two lengths ahead at the engine-house of the Sewage Works. Cambridge made another rally at the end of the third mile, but Oxford still had a clear lead, and so they went through the centre span of the Barnes railway bridge. The endurance and determination of the Cambridge crew nevertheless prevailed in the end. They had slightly the better of it at the Mortlake Brewery, and, rowing forty-two strokes a minute, headed the race in the final rush of 400 yards, from the Ship to the flag-post, winning as aforesaid. Mr. Pitman, of Trinity, the Cambridge stroke oar, performed magnificently. The boats used were both constructed by Mr. J. H. Clasper, of Putney; the Cambridge boat was new, that of Oxford one lent by the London Rowing Club.

The revenue received for the year ending March 31 was £89,581,301, being an increase of £1,538,191 on the revenue for the previous year, which is due to an increase of £3,160,000 in the property and income tax, with £245,000 on the Post Office, and £348,730 in interest received on advances. From this gross total of £3,753,730 has to be deducted decreases amounting in all to £2,215,539, of which £1,140,000 is in the customs, £494,000 in the excise, and £335,000 in stamps.

Lieutenant-General Willis, commanding the Northern Military District, recently unveiled a handsome monument erected in York Minster to the memory of officers and men of the York and Lancaster Regiment who died in New Zealand between 1845 and 1866, in India from 1871 to 1884, and who were killed in the Soudan during recent campaigns. Addresses were delivered by General Willis and the Dean of York. About 120 officers and men, nearly all of whom had served in the Soudan, were present.

Mr. Thomas Bosworth's "Clerical Guide for 1886" has been issued by his firm, Messrs. T. Bosworth and Co., of Great Russell-street. The guide is intended to be a book of reference to the clergy and their livings, and claims to be more systematically arranged and more accurate than any yet published. A feature of the work is the appending of the date of formation after the name of each new district. From this it appears that during the sixty years ending in 1880 more than one fourth of the benefices now existing were created. The guide gives useful information respecting the Episcopalian establishments in Scotland, Ireland, and the colonies, and also of the Episcopal Church of America.

THE LATE SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

Dramatic poetry, still considered as one of the noblest forms of literary composition, has in the present age left the theatre, and belongs exclusively to the pursuits of thoughtful study. One of its most esteemed masters in our own language, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde" and "Edwin the Fair," Sir Henry Taylor, formerly of the Colonial Office, died last week, in his eighty-sixth year. He was the son of Mr. George Taylor, of Witton Hall, Durham, was educated privately by his father, served a year or two as midshipman in the Navy, had some brief official employment in the West Indies, and in January, 1824, became a clerk in the Colonial Office, where he remained until September, 1872, retiring on full pension; in 1869 he was made, for his long official services, a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He devoted his leisure to the cultivation of literature and to contemplative reflection, and enjoyed the society of many congenial minds—Southey, Wordsworth, Rogers, Charles Austin, Macaulay, Mill, Tennyson, Browning, and others known to fame. His first work, "Isaac Connarus," published in 1827, was not very successful; but "Philip Van Artevelde," which appeared in 1834, an historical drama founded on the story of the great patriot of Ghent, the hero-statesman of a civic commonwealth, was hailed by judicious criticism as a very noble poem, which indeed it is. "Edwin the Fair," treating with dramatic power the story of the ill-fated young Saxon King, at strife with St. Dunstan and the monks, was produced in 1842. The author of these dramas, and of "The Eve of the Conquest," "The Virgin Widow," "St. Clement's Eve," "A Sicilian Summer," and various minor poems, also wrote excellent prose, moral essays, political treatises, and maxims of practical wisdom. "The Statesman" is a volume containing many shrewd observations, derived from intimate experience upon the conduct of administrative business. "Notes from Life," published in 1847, consist of wise remarks on marriage, children, the care of money, behaviour, and mental culture. He also wrote critical reviews of Wordsworth and other poets, and his Autobiography contains reminiscences of many literary friends. He contributed to the discussion on the affairs of China in 1860, and, in 1868, on the punishment and correction of criminals. The honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. Sir Henry Taylor married a daughter of the first Lord Monteagle.

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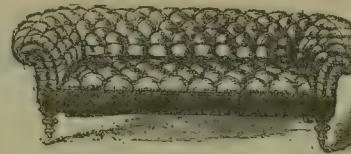
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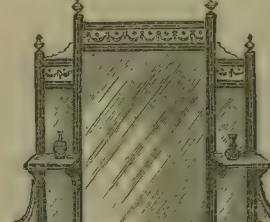


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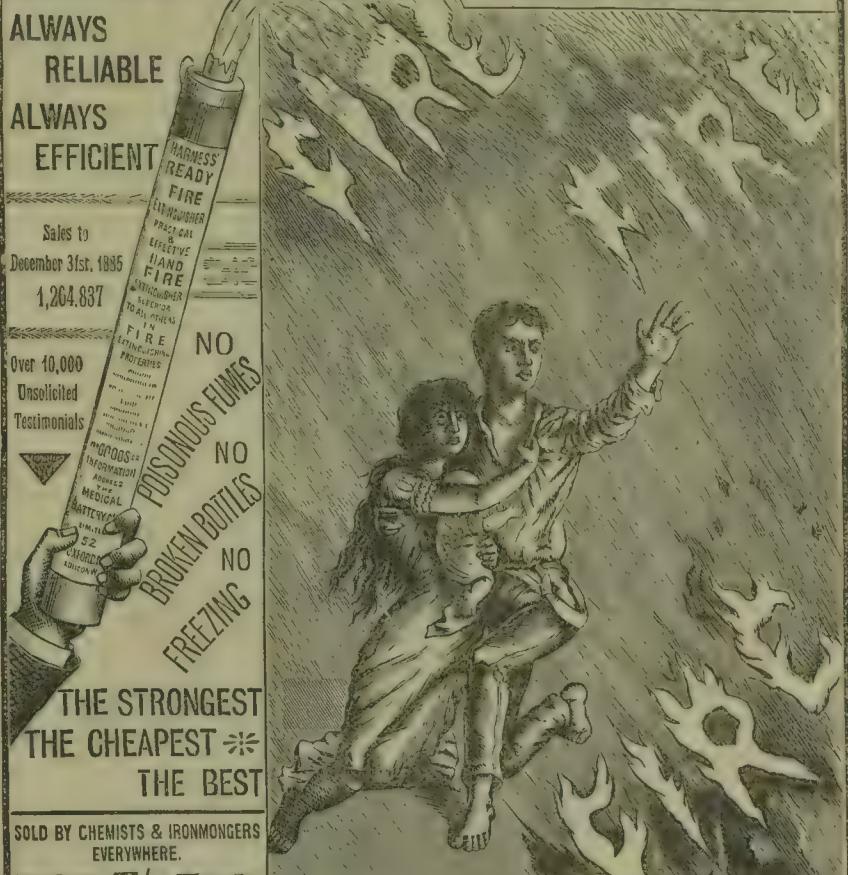
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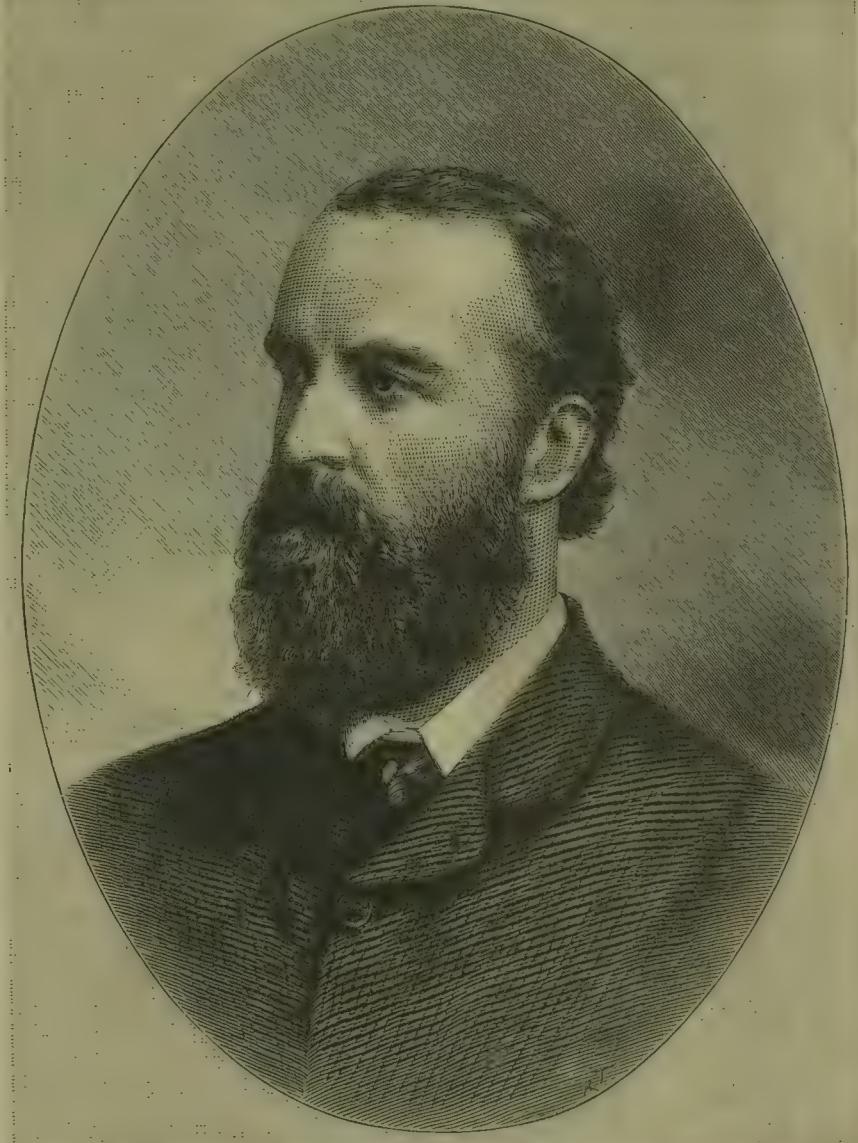
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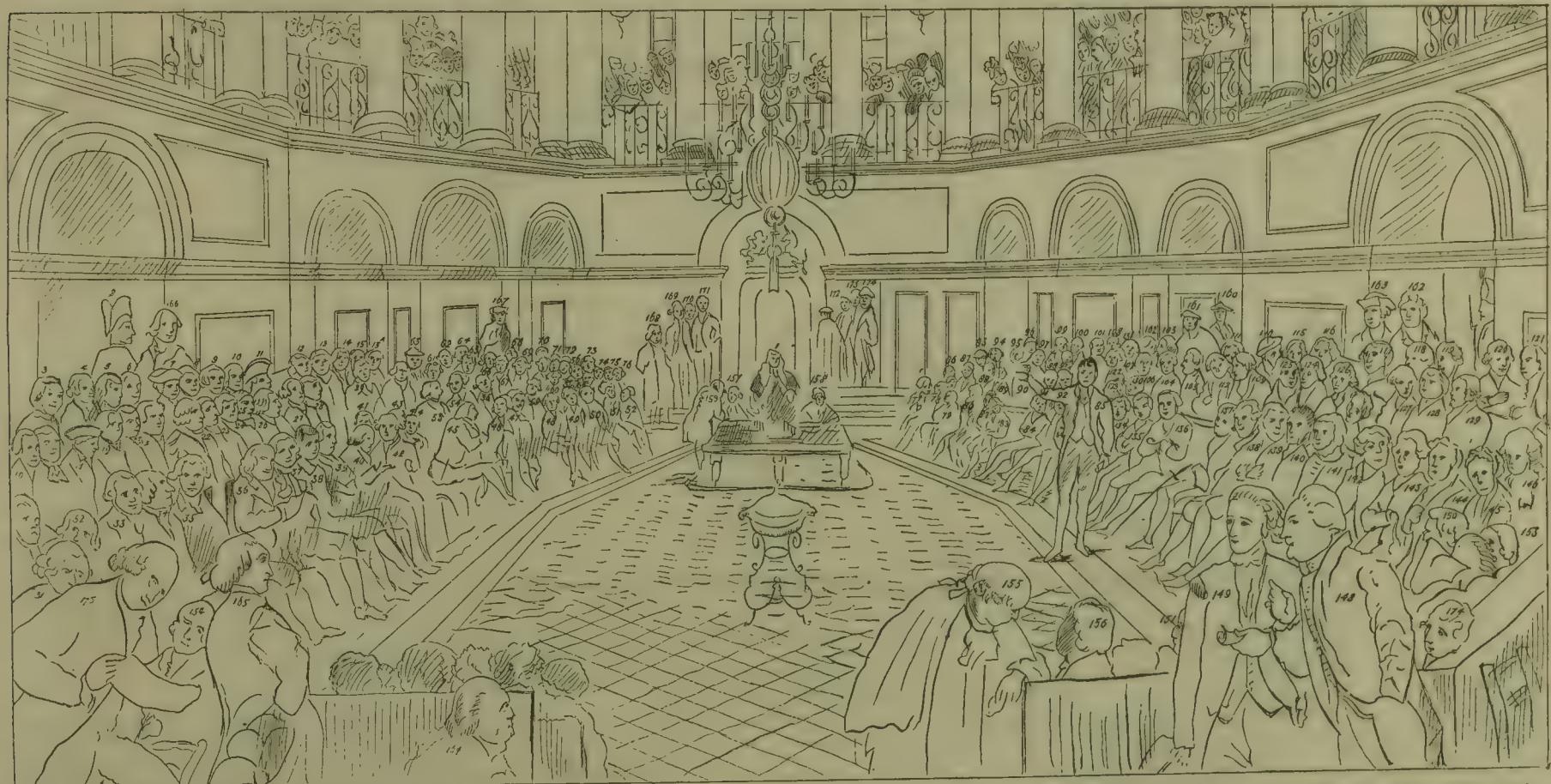
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MR. PARNELL'S IRISH HOME RULE PARTY.

Mr. Parnell's success in organising a strong and formidable Irish Home Rule Party is unquestionably one of the most remarkable achievements in Parliamentary history. How, by indomitable determination and ceaseless working, the still comparatively young Home Rule leader gained for Ireland a triumph Daniel O'Connell and Isaac Butt laboured in vain to win will be found fully and sympathetically narrated in a valuable new work, "The Parnell Movement" (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), ably written by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., one of the most devoted lieutenants of Mr. Parnell. This seasonable volume, from which most of the subjoined facts are gleaned, will be found most interesting at this juncture.

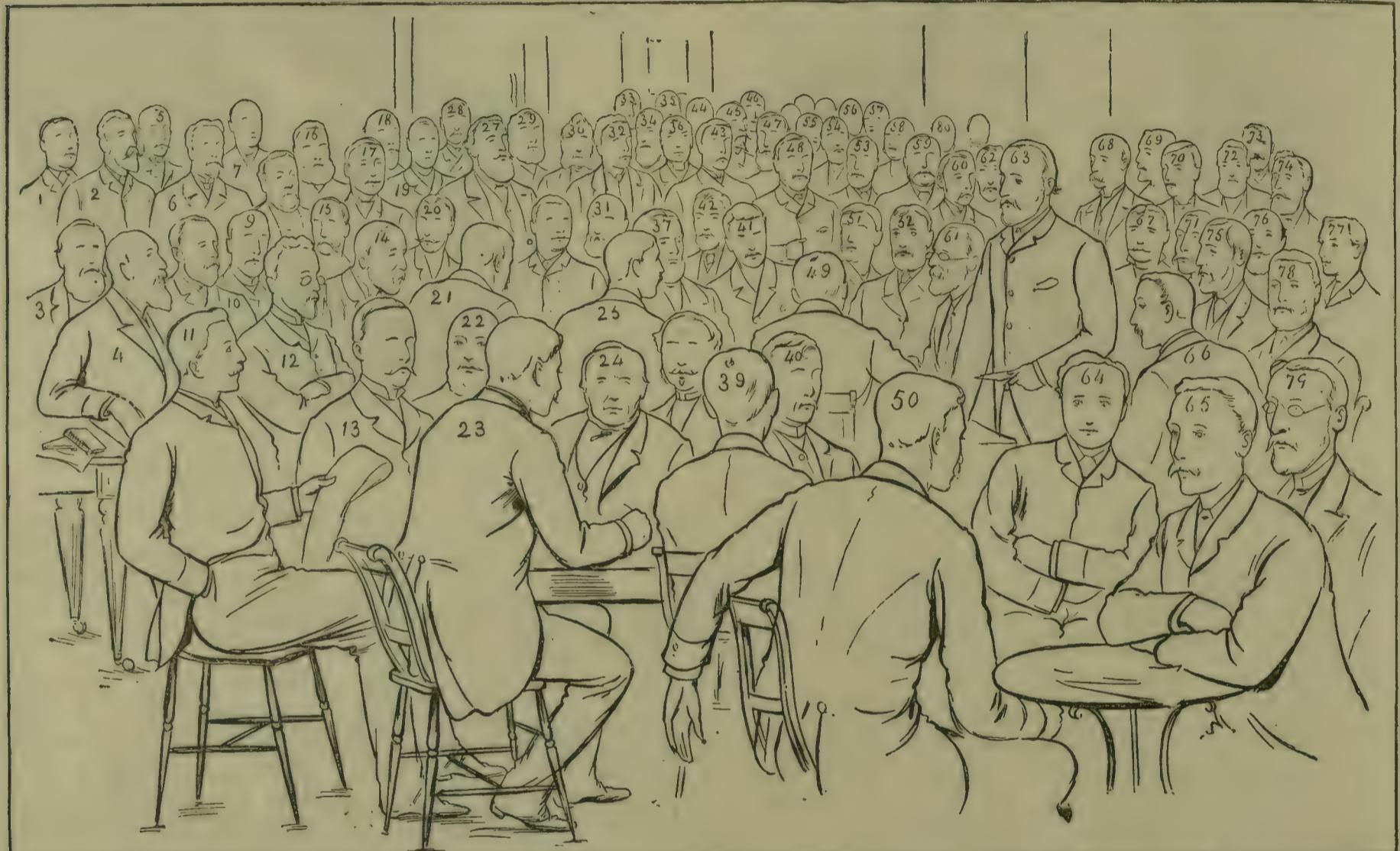
Any close and impartial observer of Parliamentary life for the past ten years and more will admit that Mr. Parnell had ample grounds for adopting the peculiar policy he did. The late ruddy and good-natured and richly eloquent Home Rule chief, Mr. Isaac Butt, year after year brought bill after bill before the House of Commons, only to see each measure of reform for Ireland rejected by large majorities. Offering the greatest possible contrast physically to his white-haired *bon vivant* of a leader, Mr. Parnell, slender, fair, and full-bearded, had hardly entered the House when he gave promise that his coolness, reserve, and inflexible resolution would prove of far greater service to his cause than the flowery oratory of Mr. Butt.

A characteristic portrait of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell is given in a large Engraving. He is in the act of addressing

his followers at the London head-quarters of the Irish Home Rule Party, and is numbered 63 in the key-block. What a different position from that which he occupied in 1875, when, first entering the House as member for the county of Meath in succession to John Martin, he virtually formed, with the aid of Mr. Biggar, that Party of Two from which greater results have sprung even than from Lord Randolph Churchill's Party of Four! Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar soon availed themselves of apt obstruction's artful aid. They elevated it to a fine art, and made of it so potent a weapon that Governments were compelled to listen to them. What was persistently refused to the late Mr. Butt was yielded to Mr. Parnell, whose stronger political backbone speedily caused him to be chosen as actual leader of the Home Rulers instead of amiable Mr. Shaw. As is well known, Mr. Parnell can boast of a good lineage. Mr. T. P. O'Connor informs us that "the family comes from Congleton, in Cheshire, and it is from this town that one branch, raised to the Peerage, has taken its title. Thomas Parnell, the poet, was one of the family. The parliamentary distinction dates, in the Parnell family, from the early part of the last century. John Parnell was member for Maryborough, in the Irish House of Commons, one hundred and fifty years ago. He was son of a Judge of the Queen's Bench. He died in 1782, and he was immediately succeeded by his son John, afterwards Sir John. In 1787, Sir John was made Chancellor of the Exchequer." John Henry Parnell, who was the grandson of Sir John Parnell, and nephew of the first Lord Congleton, married an American

lady, Miss Stewart, daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart, whose name, it will be seen, was bestowed upon the present Irish leader. Born in Avondale, in the county of Wicklow, in the June of 1846, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell is not yet forty. "Curiously enough," Mr. T. P. O'Connor mentions, "nearly the whole of his (Mr. Parnell's) early life was passed in England, and in entirely English surroundings." He went to school first in Yeovil. Cambridge University was his Alma Mater. Hence the complete absence of brogue from Mr. Parnell's delivery, which is surely the most English of any Irishman's, being icily calm and cool and deliberate, the hon. member never—or hardly ever—saying a single word more than he intends to. It is probable the marvellous sangfroid of Mr. Parnell, coupled with an iron will, that enabled him to secure and retain the leadership of so excitable a body of men.

Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar (24) was born in Belfast on Aug. 1, 1828; and was educated at Belfast Academy. He gained his knowledge of business in the provision trade. Since his first election as member for Cavan, in 1874, Mr. Biggar has been one of the most familiar figures in the House. Fiercely though Parliamentary storms raged around him, Mr. Biggar ever preserved the even tenour of his way; and the smile that wreathed his homely face was doubtless the indication of that natural sweetness of disposition which (according to Mr. T. P. O'Connor) has endeared him to one and all his colleagues—so much so, that Mr. Biggar is the favourite toast of their festive gatherings. Although Mr. Biggar remains one of the stoutest pillars of the Home Rule party, it may be



1. J. Stack (North Kerry).
2. W. M. Murphy (St. Patrick's, Dublin City).
3. Dr. J. E. Kenny (Cork County, South).
4. Jeremiah Jordan (West Clare).
5. J. R. Cox (East Clare).
6. E. Dwyer Gray (Dublin City, Harbour).
7. Barnard Kelly (South Donegal).
9. W. J. Lane (Cork County, East).
10. P. J. O'Brien (North Tipperary).
11. P. A. Chance (South Kilkenny).
12. Timothy M. Healy (North Monaghan).
13. J. M. Smithwick (Kilkenny City).
14. W. J. Corbett (East Wicklow).
15. P. J. Power (East Waterford).
16. L. P. Hayden (South Leitrim).
17. Maurice Healy (Cork City).

18. Sir J. W. M'Kenna (South Monaghan).
19. A. Blaine (South Armagh).
20. J. G. Flynn (Cork County, North).
21. T. H. Gill (South Louth).
22. J. Barry (South Wexford).
23. P. R. Condon (East Tipperary).
24. Joseph Biggar (West Cavan).
25. E. Shell (South Meath).
27. W. Abraham (West Limerick).
28. Joseph Nolan (North Louth).
29. L. Connolly (South Longford).
30. Matthew Harris (East Galway).
31. Dr. Andrew Commins (South Roscommon).
32. D. Crilly (South Mayo).
33. P. Sheehan (East Kerry).
34. J. F. O'Brien (South Mayo).

35. E. M. Marum (North Kilkenny).
36. J. Leahy (South Kildare).
37. Garrett Byrne (West Wicklow).
39. Edward Harrington (West Kerry).
40. M. J. Kenny (Mid Tyrone).
41. T. P. O'Connor (Liverpool, Scotland Ward).
42. M. Conway (North Leitrim).
43. T. M. Carew (North Kildare).
44. J. F. Small (South Downshire).
45. Bernard Molloy (King's County, Birr).
46. Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty (North Meath).
48. J. J. Clancy (Dublin County, North).
49. Arthur O'Connor (East Donegal).
50. Donal Sullivan (South Westmeath).
51. Justin Huntly McCarthy (Newry).

52. Thomas Sexton (South Sligo).
53. James Tuite (North Westmeath).
54. Dr. J. Fox (King's County, Tullamore).
55. James E. O'Doherty (N. Donegal).
56. John Finucane (East Limerick).
57. H. J. Gill (Limerick City).
58. Major J. P. Nolan (North Galway).
59. Patrick O'Hearn (West Donegal).
60. W. J. Reynolds (East Tyrone).
61. Justin McCarthy (North Longford).
62. John Deasy (West Mayo).
63. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL (Cork City).
64. W. Reardon (North Fermanagh).
65. T. Harrington (St. Stephen's Green, Dublin).
66. H. Campbell (South Fermanagh).

67. J. J. O'Kelly (North Roscommon).
68. P. J. Foley (Galway, Connemara).
69. Jasper D. Pyne (West Waterford).
70. Sir T. G. Esmonde, Bart. (Dublin County, South).
71. David Sheehy (South Galway).
72. T. Mayne (Mid Tipperary).
73. John O'Connor (South Kerry).
74. Peter McDonald (North Sligo).
75. John Dillon (East Mayo).
76. Richard Power (Waterford City).
77. J. E. Redmond (North Wexford).
78. Timothy Daniel Sullivan (Dublin City, College-green, Lord Mayor).
79. W. O'Brien (South Tyrone).
80. T. O'Hanlon (East Cavan).

KEY TO THE PICTURE OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY, 1886.

remembered that on one occasion he honoured Home Rule more in the "breach" than in the observance, a lapse for which he was duly fined, however, by Cupid in Court.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., himself (41) contributed so much by industrious organisation to the increase of Parnellite members at the last General Election that a page or two would indubitably have been devoted to him in "the Parnell Movement" had the book been written by someone else. A smart journalist, Mr. T. P. O'Connor has done good work in the Reporters' Gallery of the Commons. The sincerity of his political convictions imparts marked value to his vigorous and trenchant "Life of Lord Beaconsfield"; to his picturesque "Gladstone's House of Commons," a bright and animated diary of Parliamentary life from 1880 to 1885; and, as already intimated, to his latest work, "The Parnell Movement." Born in Athlone in 1848, Mr. O'Connor gives in the last-named book a pathetic account of the Irish famine of that period. He graduated M.A. in the Queen's University. Member for Galway in the last Parliament, he had the honour of being elected at the General Election both for Galway city and for the Scotland division of Liverpool. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, one of the most genial of Irishmen, has considerable oratorical ability, and richly merits the distinction of being one of Mr. Parnell's most trusty colleagues.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, member for North Longford (62), is another literary tower of strength to Mr. Parnell. One of the most popular of living historians, the charming "History of Our Own Times" having been enormously successful; a novelist whose heroines are delightfully natural and winsome, witness "Dear Lady Disdain," for example; editor once of the *Morning Star*, and a journalist and leader-writer of the widest

experience—Mr. Justin McCarthy is one of the most patriotic of Irishmen, and his counsel must be of high value to Mr. Parnell. His clever young son, Mr. J. H. McCarthy (51), who sits in the House for Newry, adapted "The Candidate."

Single-minded, earnest, and eloquent to a degree, Mr. A. M. Sullivan bore so honourable a part in the early days of "The Parnell Movement" that it is deeply to be regretted he does not survive to share with his brother, Mr. T. D. Sullivan (78), in the coming triumph of his party. A poet whose songs are sung with enthusiasm by Irishmen all the world over, Mr. T. D. Sullivan is a journalist of power; he sits for one of the divisions of Dublin, and is Lord Mayor of the Irish capital. As proprietor of *The Freeman's Journal* and the *Morning News* of Belfast, an able administrator and lucid speaker, Mr. E. Dwyer Gray (6) follows well in the footsteps of his distinguished father, Sir John Gray. Mr. Gray was chosen by two constituencies—Carlow county and St. Stephen's Green division of Dublin.

Coming to the most fluent of Mr. Parnell's followers, the place of honour should be given to Mr. Thomas Sexton (52), M.P. for South Sligo. A native of Waterford, Mr. Sexton has for many years been a writer on the *Nation*. Apt to let his tongue run away with him, he should study the art of compression from his chief. Gloomy and morose-looking Mr. T. M. Healy (12), formerly secretary to Mr. Parnell, recently chosen for North Monaghan and South Londonderry, though one of the youngest of the Home Rule members, is of marked ability. As a legislator he is untiring. Witness his incessant toil in Committee on the Irish Land Bill. Grim in debate, Mr. Healy is said to unbend in private life, his suavity being possibly due to his marriage with a daughter of the

genial Lord Mayor of Dublin. Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P. for Donegal East (49), is a son of the senior physician of the Royal Free Hospital. His experience in the War Office has enabled him to criticise the Estimates with skill. He is one of the readiest debaters in the House. Persevering by nature, Mr. William O'Brien (79), M.P. for South Tyrone, and the irreconcilable editor of *United Ireland*, is apparently ever on the brink of asking the Secretary for Ireland to "tread on the tail of his coat." He has become the arch-inquisitor of Mr. Morley, whose humour and good-humour are, happily, ever equal to the emergency. Mr. John Dillon, M.P. for East Mayo (75), extreme though his views have been, is an outspoken politician of such transparent honesty that he is regarded with general respect. His pale face and jet-black hair and beard make him one of the most remarkable of the Home Rulers, who are particularly fortunate to have had for "whips" members as urbane as Major Nolan (58) and as handsome as Mr. Richard Power (76). Other more or less prominent Home Rulers will be identified in the two-page Engraving, notably Mr. James O'Kelly (67), M.P. for North Roscommon—a fiery, resolute spirit, whose romantic career as a soldier in the French Army and as a daring Special Correspondent of the *New York Herald* and *Daily News* renders him a man of mark outside Parliament. Albeit Mr. Parnell and his followers have from the first kept faithful to their benches below the gangway on the Opposition side of the House, it is noteworthy that, ever since Mr. Gladstone has made it clear he would devote all his talents and energies to the solution of the Home Rule problem, the Prime Minister has found his most enthusiastic supporters in the ranks of the Irish Nationalists.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

The *Cornhill Magazine* has a lively number, all the contributions being more or less dashed with eccentricity. This is, as always, pre-eminently the case with the instalment of "Court Royal," which perversely grows the more entertaining the more the author defies nature and truth. "Sworn to the Fetish" is another eccentric tale, more successful in exciting vague awe and curiosity than in justifying the former emotion or gratifying the latter. The writer of a paper on "Scores and Tallies," improving on the novelists, strikes a rich vein of paradox in abusing the decimal system, and lauding counting by eights, which, he says, would certainly prevail if man had four fingers instead of five, as he ought to have. Let us, therefore, amputate our thumbs. "Confidential Agents" is full of amusing anecdote and graphic delineation. The recollections of Mr. Brooke, a Kentish gentleman, who was sent to attend Louis XVIII. upon his arrival in this country in 1807, are worth publishing, but have been carelessly edited. It was not the Emperor Paul's desertion that compelled Louis to seek an asylum in England; and the feline appellation of *Pussygen* should, we suppose, be *Puységur*.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* commences two new stories, "My Friend Jim," a promising fiction, by Mr. Norris; and "The Unequal Yoke," anonymous, with a hackneyed but perpetually attractive basis of plot. The other contributions include a picturesque account of "A North-Country Fishing Town," by Miss Nelly Erichsen; "The Flood of Is," a vigorous ballad, by Mrs. Webster; and a charming sketch of the protracted engagement of Dorothy Osborne, afterwards Sir William Temple's wife, by Mr. E. A. Parry.

Her Majesty's sympathising letters in *Blackwood* respecting the late Principal Tulloch have gone the round of the press, and will secure especial attention for the excellent memoir of the deceased by Mrs. Oliphant, which commences the number, and which is a living portrait, evidently the product of intimate personal knowledge. A sympathetic, though not entirely laudatory, criticism on Holman Hunt may be taken as a recantation of the wholesale attacks upon Pre-Raphaelism and Ruskinism in which *Blackwood* was once wont to indulge. "The Crack of Doom" is continued with undiminished humour; but the most remarkable contribution to the number is "Zit and Xoe," a tale such as only *Blackwood* gives, and not too often, overflowing with extravagance and poetry, wit and humour. "Aerial Navigation" is elaborately discussed by a writer who believes in the practicability and advantages of the invention, with which, as long as Britain is an island, we can cheerfully dispense.

With the exception of the continuation of Mr. Besant's "Children of Gibeon," there is little to remark in *Longman's Magazine* beyond the pretty story by Mr. Norris, entitled "A Diplomatic Victory," and Mr. Proctor's just condemnation of the practice of signalling at whist.

The *Fortnightly Review* commences with two papers on Mr. Mundella's Railway Bill, one by a representative of the companies, Mr. Laing, the other by a representative of the public, Mr. Parsloe. The voice of the latter is more decided than that of the railway advocate, who almost thinks that the bill might be accepted if the existing lines could be secured against competition. Mr. Laing is the chairman of the Brighton Railway. "Society in Paris," by Theodore Child, shows higher qualities of style and thought than usually go to satisfy mere idle curiosity. Without admitting that the company and domestic arrangements of Parisian ladies are any business of the public's, we may allow that Mr. Child has described them with considerable spirit. Sir Edmund Du Cane writes sensibly on the national defences; Mr. Kebbel on sport; Dr. Roose on prophylactics against the worry of London life; and Mr. Davies's article on artist life in Rome has some good sketches of artists. But the only remarkable paper is the curiously cynical anonymous production entitled "A Liberal Saturnalia."

The one contribution to the *Contemporary Review* of universal interest is Mr. Holman Hunt's simple and manly narrative of the difficulties of the Pre-Raphaelite artists at their commencement, especially of the writer. It enables us to understand better than heretofore the enormous benefit which has resulted to art from the introduction of simple and sincere methods, however eccentric in their first application. Mr. Hunt writes excellently. Mr. Courtney powerfully points out the impracticability of Home Rule, and yet, by anticipating its enactment, virtually allows that it is not impracticable after all. Mr. Davitt's objections to a reasonable compensation to Irish landlords may be taken for granted; but the really significant part of his paper is the omission of any proposal for enabling occupiers to become owners. All private property in land is distasteful to Mr. Davitt, and when his opportunity arrives, he will be found as hostile to the tenant as to the landlord. The Dean of Peterborough indignantly repels the aspersions of his brother Dean on the revisers of the Old Testament; and M. Petersen-Studnitz draws an unsatisfactory picture of the present political condition of Denmark.

The *Nineteenth Century* is somewhat disappointing, having several interesting subjects inadequately worked out. We question Professor Huxley's competence to deal with "The Evolution of Theology"; Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Factors of Organic Evolution" is rather suggestive than complete; and Professor Blackie's remarks on the second part of "Faust," though sound, have little novelty or originality. Mr. Lecky's eloquent article on the probable mischiefs of an Irish Parliament, however, makes ample amends, and is seasonably reinforced by Lord Ebrington's demonstration from the election addresses of the Liberal candidates at the last election what a small proportion had any idea of granting Home Rule. Mr. Barry O'Brien describes those periods in which the English Government endeavoured to act justly by Ireland, with the result, he says, of conciliating the country until the system was given up. Having established this, he proceeds to contend, rather illogically, that we ought to try quite a different system. He is totally mistaken in attributing the downfall of Lord Melbourne's Government to its Irish policy.

The most entertaining paper in a good number of the *National Review* is Lady Rayleigh's lively account of her unsuccessful canvass at the late general election. Her Ladyship seems to have discovered that the poor really have something to complain of, and that they can be neither fed nor pacified by insincere flattery. The Archdeacon of Cloyne's essay on the rights of the laity contains some useful information on the Irish Church; and there are fine writing and just criticism in Mr. Walter Armstrong's essay on the fame of Turner. Mr. Courthope's metrical reverie on a country town, apparently Lewes, is too matter of fact for a reverie, and can hardly pass for poetry, though setting a good example of correct language and harmonious versification.

The most interesting contents of the *Atlantic Monthly* are the continuations of Mr. James's "Princess Casamassima," and of Egbert Craddock's "In the Clouds," the latter especially admirable for spirited narrative and description; and Mr. Lodge's memoir of Gouverneur Morris, one of the most brilliant and interesting among the fathers of the Republic.

Temple Bar is entertaining throughout; the best paper is one on the Turf, by no means entirely made up from Mr. William Day's book. "Elizabeth's Fortune" is continued with undiminished spirit in *London Society*, which also has an amusing contribution in "Another Morning in Florence."

Other magazines will be noticed next week.

CHESS.

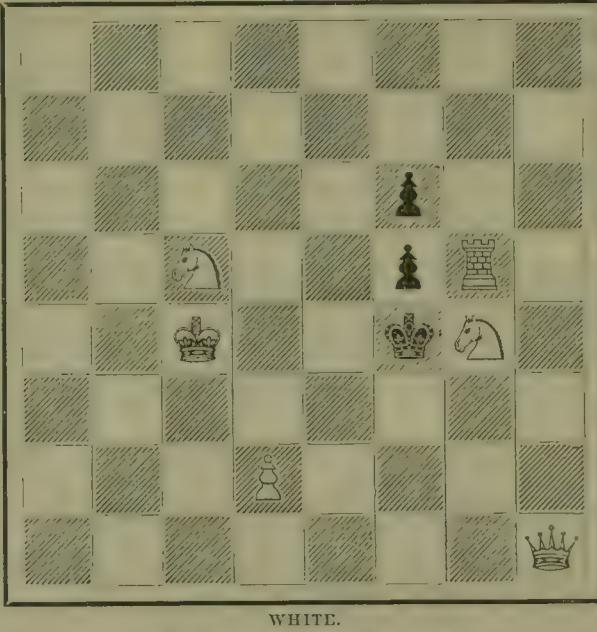
[Answers to Correspondents are unavoidably deferred.]

PROBLEM NO. 2194.

Competing in the BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNEY.

Motto : "K de domov mui."

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

As all the world knows by this time, this great contest was brought to a conclusion at New Orleans on March 29 last. Herr Steinitz had the move, played the variation of the Vienna game known as the Steinitz Gambit, and won the game and the match. We defer comment upon the match as a whole until all the games have come before us. Appended are the fifteenth and sixteenth games:

FIFTEENTH GAME.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Dr. Z.)	BLACK (Herr S.)	WHITE (Dr. Z.)	BLACK (Herr S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22. Kt to Kt sq	R to Q R 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	K to K 3rd	23. R to R 3rd	K to Kt 2nd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. Kt to R 3rd	B to Q 5th
4. B to Kt 5th		25. R to Kt sq	R to K 4th
		26. R to Q sq	P to Q B 4th
		27. R to K B 3rd	Q R to K 7th
		28. R to K B sq	R to Kt 3rd
		29. Kt to B 4th	R to R 7th
		30. Kt to Q 5th	R to K 3rd
		31. Kt to B 4th	R to Q 3rd
		32. R to Kt sq (ch)	K to B 3rd

Black must now submit to a doubled pawn.

7. P to K 3rd	B to K 3rd	33. R to Kt 8th	R takes P
8. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	34. R to K R 8th	R to R 7th
9. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	35. R takes P	P to R 4th
10. P to K 4th	Castles	36. R takes P	P to R 5th
		37. P to R 4th	R to Q 2nd
		38. R takes R	K takes R
		39. P to R 5th	K to K 2nd

It was a great mistake to allow White to break through with his Rook. Black had a winning advantage, and should have held it.

7. P to K 3rd	B to K 3rd	33. R to Kt 8th	R takes P
8. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	34. R to K R 8th	R to R 7th
9. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	35. R takes P	P to R 4th
10. P to K 4th	Castles	36. R takes P	P to R 5th
		37. P to R 4th	R to Q 2nd
		38. R takes R	K takes R
		39. P to R 5th	K to K 2nd

Black has conducted the ending poorly, and is now compelled to play for a draw.

40. P to R 6th

41. P to R 7th

42. Kt to K 6th (ch) K takes P

43. Kt takes B P takes Kt

44. R to Q 3rd R to B 7th

45. R takes P P to R 6th

46. R to Q 4th P to R 7th

47. P to Kt 4th K to Kt 3rd

48. K to Kt 3rd K to B 2nd

49. P to Q 4th R to K 4th

50. P to K 4th R to K 4th

51. P to K 4th R to K 4th

52. P to K 4th R to K 4th

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100. P to K 4th R to K 4th

101. P to K 4th R to K 4th

102. P to K 4th R to K 4th



THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY, 1886

FOR KEY, SEE PAGE 384.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 7, 1864), with a codicil (dated Aug. 20, 1885), of Mr. Alexander Ogilvie, contractor of public works, late of Sizewell House, Leiston, Saxmundham, Suffolk, of No. 4, Great George-street, Westminster, and of No. 23, Fitzroy-square, who died on Feb. 15 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Margaret Ogilvie, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £747,000. The testator gives all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, with his live and dead farming stock, furniture, pictures, plate, and household effects, and £500,000, to his wife; £10,000 to each of his children Edith Mary Massie, Arthur Grahame Ogilvie, Campbell Patrick Ogilvie, Glencairn Stuart Ogilvie, and Fergus Menteith Ogilvie; and £20,000 to his private secretary, William Paton Sutherland. The residue of his personal estate is to be held, upon trust, as to the produce and income, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children, except Gordon Altrinus Ogilvie and Frances Margaret Brown, who are already sufficiently provided for.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1877), with seven codicils (the last being dated Dec. 28, 1885), of Mrs. Friederike Charlotte Fröhling, late of Bremen, Germany, who died on Jan. 15 last, was proved in London, on the 11th ult., by Alfred Dominicus Pauli, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £151,000. The testatrix gives numerous legacies to relatives, god-children, and others; and there are some charitable bequests. She appoints as her heirs the son of her deceased brother George Joachim Goschen; the eight children of her late brother Heinrich Wilhelm Goschen, including the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P.; Franz Susemihl, the grandson of her sister, Henriette Von Schröter; and the seven children of her said sister.

The will (dated May 9, 1884), with a codicil (dated Jan. 4, 1886), of Mr. Joseph Hoare, J.P., D.L., late of Child's Hill House, Hampstead, who died on Jan. 31 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Richard Hoare and Francis Hoare, the brothers, and Edward Brodie Hoare, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £117,000. The testator leaves £16,000, and his residence, Child's Hill House, with the furniture, plate, pictures, wines, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; his leasehold residence at Cromer to his wife, for life, and then to his brother Edward; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death he bequeaths £10,000 to his brother Edward; £5000 each to his brother Richard, and to his sister, Mrs. Patterson; and £12,500 to his brother Francis. As to the ultimate residue, he gives one sixth to the children of his late brother John Gurney; one sixth each to his brothers Edward, Richard, and Francis, and to his sister, Mrs. Patterson; and one sixth between his nieces, Priscilla Buxton Hardcastle and Louisa Gurney Hammond.

The will (dated March 24, 1882) of Sophia Ann De Zulueta, Countess De Torre Diaz, late of No. 21, Devonshire-place, who died on Sept. 26 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by Brodie Manuel De Zulueta, Count De Torre Diaz, and Joseph Maria De Zulueta, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £48,000. The testatrix makes various appointments and provisions in favour of her children and their children, and there are special gifts to them of property in Spain, and some pecuniary and specific

legacies. As to the residue of her estate, she gives two fifths to her eldest son, the Count De Torre Diaz; and one fifth to each of her three other children, Joseph Maria De Zulueta, Pedro Juan De Zulueta, and Sophia Josephine Teresa Merry Del Val.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of the Right Hon. Dudley Francis North, Earl of Guilford, late of Waldershare Park, near Dover, who died on Dec. 19 last, at Sydling Court, Dorsetshire, intestate, have been granted to the Right Hon. Georgiana, Dowager Countess of Guilford, the lawful widow and relict, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1885) of the Rev. Seaman Curteis Tress Beale, late of Tenterden, Kent, who died on Dec. 23 last, has been proved by Mrs. Emily Elizabeth Beale, the widow, and Richard Walter Tweedie, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife; £100 to each of his other executors; his furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, to his wife, for life; at her death the family pictures are to go to his eldest son, and the furniture, plate, and effects are to be divided among all his children. He makes up his wife's income to £800 per annum, and the residue of his real and personal property he leaves in trust for his four children.

The will (dated April 25, 1881), with three codicils (dated Aug. 11, 1881, and two, Dec. 2, 1885), of Mrs. Harriett Annie Richardson, formerly of Brynhyfryd Pwllheli, in the county of Carnarvon, and late of No. 7, Campden-hill-road, Kensington, who died on Dec. 31 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by Miss Elizabeth Mary Davy, the sister, and Miss Mary Clementina Hyett, the executrixes, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to the person who at the expiration of one year from her death shall be Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Shrewsbury; £1000 to the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem and St. Elizabeth, 47, Ormond-street; £2900, upon trust, for Monsignor Thomas John Capel; £30 to the Hospital for Incurables of St. John of God, Scorton, Catterick, Yorkshire; and numerous legacies to, or upon trust for, relatives and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the persons entitled as her next-of-kin under the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects, except her said sister, Miss Davy.

The will (dated Aug. 19, 1868), with three codicils (dated Jan. 21, 1875; Jan. 12, 1878; and Nov. 24, 1881), of Mrs. Mary Ann Lloyd, late of No. 20, Marlborough-road, St. John's-wood, who died on Jan. 11 last, has been proved by the Rev. Herbert Alston, the nephew, and William Gribble, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testatrix bequeaths numerous specific and pecuniary legacies, and leaves such part of the residue of her property as she derived under the will of her late husband, Herbert Lloyd, to be divided between Mary Augusta Reid, Alice Reid, Herbert Lloyd Reid, John Augustus Lloyd, Sarah Jane Williams, Augustus Henry Reid, Eliza Ann Alston, and Herbert Alston; and the other part of the residue to the seven children of her late sister, Mrs. Eliza Alston.

The Belfast Corporation have resolved to borrow £20,000 from the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland towards defraying the cost of the erection of a Free Public Library in Belfast; the loan, with interest, to be secured under the authority of the Public Libraries Act. The library is in course of erection.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.
At the meeting of this institution, held on Thursday, the 1st inst., at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £354 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and those of shore-boats for services rendered during the past month. Payments amounting to £2426 were made on the 290 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions lately received were £50 from the Queen (annual subscription); £1000 from "A. F. H." to provide a life-boat to be named "The Charlotte"; £700 from Mr. and Mrs. Francis G. Smart, for a life-boat to be called "The Frank and Marion"; £227 from Mrs. Francis G. Smart, to defray the cost of a slipway for "The Jones-Gibb" life-boat at Barmouth; £200 from Mr. Joseph Spence, of Tynemouth, chairman of the "Stanley" Fund for life-boat purposes at Tynemouth; and £133 17s. 9d. from the "Fawcett Memorial Fund," by employés of the Post Office, to provide a store-house at the Douglas Life-Boat Station. It was decided to send new boats, possessing all the latest improvements, to Porthoutstock, Newquay (Cardigan), Greystones, and Wicklow, to replace the boats at present on those stations.

NEW POLICE DIVISIONS.

Sir Charles Warren, the new Metropolitan Police Commissioner, who arrived in London on Monday week, has begun work.—On the 1st inst., being the commencement of the financial year, several important alterations which have been made in the composition of the police force came into effect. In consequence of the continued growth of the Metropolitan Police from year to year since the various divisions were last arranged, great inequalities have for some time existed in their strength, and the extent of ground which they covered. Nearly every division north of the Thames has, however, been remodelled, and two new divisions have been created, which are to be known by the letters F and J. The F division comprises the districts of Paddington, Notting-hill, and Kensington, and is formed out of portions of the X and T divisions; the J division will comprise Bethnal-green and its neighbourhood, and is formed out of small portions of the K, H, G, N, and Y divisions. It is expected that other divisions will shortly be formed, and that extensive alterations will also be made in the south of London.

Professor Forbes began a course of six elementary lectures on the subject of "Electricity," at the Society of Arts, last Saturday afternoon. Another lecture will be given before Easter. The last four will be delivered on four Saturdays in May. The object of the council in making arrangements for the course has been to afford members of the society who are interested in electric lighting, but have no scientific knowledge on the subject, an opportunity of becoming generally familiar with its principles.

The School Board for London discussed, at considerable length, on the 1st inst., the position of the managers, and appointed a special committee to inquire into and report upon the subject. The half-yearly report of the Industrial Schools Committee gave rise to a prolonged debate, resulting in the approval of the report without a division.—The third annual conference of London Board School managers was held last Saturday. Mr. Sydney Buxton, who presided, commented on the financial policy of the London School Board. On the motion of the Bishop of London, seconded by Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., the report was adopted.

CAUTION
TO PARENTS.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients; hence, frequently, *the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the skin from which many Children suffer*. The Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration—viz., **the composition of the Soap itself**. It should be remembered that artificially coloured Soaps are frequently poisonous, particularly the red, blue, and green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of soda. White Soaps, such as "curd," usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa-nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline soap very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to Children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy—and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some *unsightly disease*, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

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FIFTEEN PRIZE MEDALS.

The following testimony is extracted, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, from "The Hygiene of the Skin," by Mr. J. L. MILTON, Senior Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London:—

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He is very wealthy and good-looking; has plenty of friends, but his clothes don't fit him.

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He says there is enough thoroughbred agony and real torture in his foot to kill every sinner in creation.

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He tells everybody that trying to cure rheumatism is like trying to shovel wind off the roof.

He says that rheumatism cannot be cured. His grandfather told him so. And he thinks that settles it.

He is sadly mistaken. It is a fact that a remedy has been found which relieves and cures rheumatism, just as sure as the sun shines in the heavens. It is used externally. It conquers pain. It goes right to the spot. It cures when everything else has failed. It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It is simple. It is safe. It is sure.

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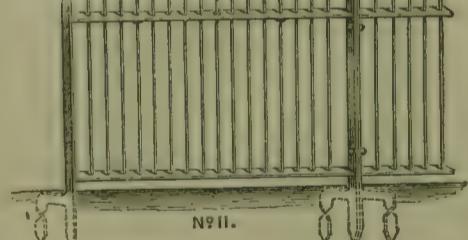
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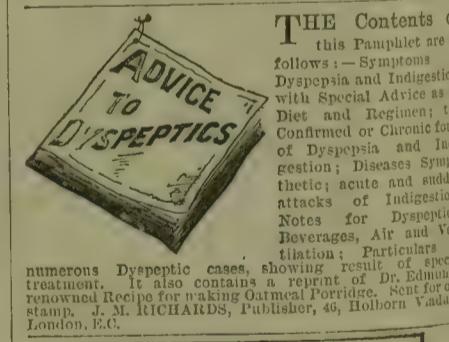
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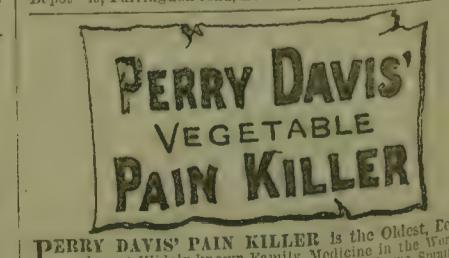
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THE IRISH PARLIAMENT OF 1782.

The Kingdom of Ireland, with its Parliament, ceased to exist on July 2, 1800, when the Royal Assent was given to the Act of Union. Ireland became a kingdom in 1542, by an Act giving to Henry VIII. the title of King of Ireland. Before that time, from the invasion and conquest by Henry II., in 1171, the King of England was styled only "Lord Paramount" of Ireland; and he ruled over the Anglo-Irish colony, in "the Pale." This, at the end of the fifteenth century, was confined to the counties of Dublin, Louth, Meath, and Kildare, extending but thirty or forty miles inland. The other parts of Ireland, four centuries ago, were ruled by independent chiefs: some, of the native Celtic race; others, such as the Earls of Desmond, or Geraldines, in Munster, the Burkes in Connaught, and the De Courcys in Ulster, descendants of the Anglo-Norman knights, comrades of "Strongbow," who had cast off their allegiance to the English Crown. The King reigned in Leinster, but imperfectly, with the assistance of the Fitzgeralds, Earls of Kildare, and the Butlers, Earls of Ormond, who remained loyal. The Anglo-Irish settlers, within the Pale, belonged to a foreign nation. They lived apart, under English law, preserving the feudal institutions longer than those in England. A provincial or colonial Parliament was held, usually at Kilkenny, by summons from the King's Deputy to the barons, knights of the shires, and burgesses of corporate towns. There was no national Parliament: the Irish nation was outlawed.

The process of further conquest of the Irish nation occupied all the Tudor reigns, and was completed under James I. But the great body of that nation was not admitted, then or subsequently, to the political rights of the King's English subjects in Ireland. This exclusion, which continued to the nineteenth century, was due to a difference of religion, the Celtic population having universally rejected the English Protestant Church. It may, indeed, be truly said that the Protestant Ascendancy faction has ever sought to perpetuate the servitude of the Irish Roman Catholics, denying them equal civil and social liberties, under the pretext of guarding against rebellion. This was ever made the excuse, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for stripping the old proprietors of their lands by enormous confiscations, to the profit of Englishmen, jobbers and adventurers, who contributed for such gain to the military expeditions. The Governments of Queen Mary, Elizabeth, James I., Charles I. (through Strafford), and Cromwell, piece by piece tore away the whole of the country, save Connaught, from the native race of owners and occupiers of the soil. A promise of redress by Charles II. was shamefully evaded. At the Revolution, more lands were confiscated, and the adherence of Catholic Ireland to James II. was punished by still worse severities. The eighteenth century began in Ireland with a legalised system of oppression that it is hard to conceive. The Catholics were now excluded from all offices, from all professions except the medical, from all education public or private; their schoolmasters were exiled, their priests reduced to a certain number registered, without Bishops; no Catholic might purchase or inherit landed estate, or hold it, except on a short lease; the son of a Catholic might, on becoming Protestant, claim part of his property, and the whole after his death; the wife, becoming Protestant, might claim a separate income; the Catholic might not be guardian of a child; he might not keep weapons to defend his own house; he might not own a horse worth above £5. Any Protestant informing against him, under the land laws, could get his estate. It was the Irish Parliament at Dublin that passed these laws, and they were put in force during the lifetime of two generations.

The English or British Parliament at Westminster, from the reign of Charles II. to that of George III., was equally striving to check the growth of Irish manufactures and trade, except in the article of coarse linen, which did not compete with English manufacture. The Irish woollen trade was absolutely suppressed and destroyed by English laws; its raw material was to be exported only to England. Ireland was to build no ships, and to trade with no foreign country, or with any of the British colonies. The writings of Dean Swift, especially the "Drapier's Letters," expose with scathing indignation the monstrous injustice of this legislation, the effects of which are still felt in Ireland.

The Irish Parliament, up to the year 1782, was the grossest constitutional sham and imposture. It sat, without any fresh election, during the whole reign of a King: that of George II. continued thirty-three years. Its session was but once in two years, and it could do nothing but vote money for Government service—and for any purposes, even the vilest, that pleased the English Court and Ministry. The Irish Pension List, the large salaries of Irish sinecure offices, the profits of grievous monopolies, and great part of the Customs and Excise revenues, were bestowed on favourites of the Crown in England, cast-off German mistresses and illegitimate children of Royal personages, foreign spies, venal members of the English Parliament, or squandered in every kind of extravagance. The Irish House of Commons was a sink of corruption; of its 300 members, 216 represented close boroughs and manors, owned mostly by Peers, who sold the seats at a price, sometimes, of £3000. Lord Shannon had sixteen at his disposal; Lord Hillsborough, nine; and a few great men, who were in the Privy Council, were able to command the majority of votes. Only the thirty-two county members were at all representatives of the constituencies, from which, of course, the Catholics, Presbyterians, and other Dissenters were excluded. The House of Lords, consisting in 1790, with the Bishops, of 200 Peers, was utterly sold to the Government of the day. Many peerages had been granted by the Crown for a sum of money, with an express contract that the new Peer should provide for a certain number of subservient votes in the House of Commons, a practice mentioned as notorious by Edmund Burke, as well as by Grattan. Many others belonged to English Peers, who never went to Dublin, but voted by proxy. The questionable titles of nobility, and the useless posts of emolument, were multiplied by each succeeding Lord Lieutenant as the means of carrying his measures. But the Parliamentary majority could not, in any case, have carried measures of its own in opposition to Government. Its legislative power was restrained by two English statutes, which must here be explained.

The first was one passed in the ancient time of the Anglo-Irish Colony, in the reign of Henry VII., before Ireland was a kingdom. Its occasion was a mere temporary emergency: the Yorkist conspiracies of the pretenders Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck. These having found favour in Ireland, the King's Deputy, Sir Edward Poynings, was directed to get a law passed by the Irish Parliament at Drogheda, in 1495, that all the existing laws of England should be valid in Ireland; and further, that no Irish Parliament should be held without the King's Lieutenant first certifying to the King what matters it should deal with, and the King thereupon giving his approval. Poynings' Law was confirmed by an Act of Queen Mary's reign, which authorised the Lord Lieutenant, during a Session of the Irish Parliament, to send to the King such legislative proposals as he might think fit; and, when these were approved in England, the Irish Parliament could only negative, but not alter or amend them. In

accordance with these laws, the Parliament of Ireland, down to 1782, never passed bills, but only presented "heads of bills," for consideration, first by the Irish Privy Council, the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary, and secondly by the English Privy Council—that is to say, the Ministry of the day in England. Either the Government in Ireland or the Government in England could make any alterations they pleased: and when they returned the bills, if they chose to return them, to the Irish Parliament, no amendment could be made; Parliament must either accept or reject them, on a third reading. The Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary, with the Privy Council, whenever they pleased, could intercept a measure which had passed its two readings and its Committee in either House of Parliament, or could transform it, whenever they pleased, into a different measure; and the English Ministry could do the same. These powers were continually exercised, reducing Parliamentary action to sheer impotence, until what we may call the Irish Revolution of 1782.

The second important statute, then affecting Irish liberties, was one passed by the English Parliament in 1719, the sixth year of George I., declaring that the English Parliament "had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the people and Kingdom of Ireland"; and denying the appellate jurisdiction of the Irish House of Lords in judicial proceedings. This statute was not confirmed by any Act of the Irish Parliament.

The political movement began in 1761 with a demand for septennial Parliaments, like those of Great Britain, for a Habeas Corpus Act, and for the tenure of Judges' places during good behaviour. In 1768, when Lord Shelburne, a Liberal statesman, was in power in England, the first of these demands, with the slight change of eight years instead of seven, was conceded; but the others not for some time later. A small but active Opposition party had been early started by Charles Lucas, a Dublin apothecary, the founder of the *Freeman's Journal*, and Henry Flood, the ablest of debaters, son of a Chief Justice; it was joined in 1775 by Henry Grattan, a young barrister of good connections, whose genius as an orator may be compared with that of Lord Chatham, and whose patriotism, loyalty, and integrity make him one of the brightest figures in Irish history. Yelverton, a lawyer of great ability, Hercules Langrishe, the friend of Burke, Hussey Burgh, Foster, Bushe, Osborne, and Denis Daly, in the House of Commons, and the Duke of Leinster and Lord Charlemont in the House of Lords, became prominent members of the National party. For some years they devoted their efforts to the scandalous abuses of the Pension List, to measures of fiscal relief, and to reforms of the military and civil administration. A prolonged contest with Government arose upon the question of passing Money Bills not originated by the House of Commons in Committee of Supply. The House, indeed, was most willing to vote supplies and troops for the expensive wars then going on all over the world, but wanted a proper recognition of its constitutional authority. It was not, however, till 1775, at the commencement of the American War, Lord North being then Prime Minister, that Ireland could force her grievances upon the attention of the British Government.

The commercial restrictions above noticed were the most urgent grievance. The war, in which France joined the revolted American colonists, brought the Ulster manufacturers and the traders of Belfast, Dublin, and Cork to the brink of ruin. Their distress was aggravated by the English legislation, which forbade the export of Irish cattle, wool, yarn, sail-cloth, salted provisions, and other commodities. The free trade arguments of Adam Smith were applied by some very able Irish political writers to the case of their own country. They found favour in the councils of the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Buckinghamshire, who feared a national bankruptcy. At the same time, in a Parliament mainly of Protestant landowners, little regard was bestowed on the terrible distress of the rural peasantry in Munster and Connaught. Those provinces had for many years been suffering quite as much as ever happened in our own times. Hundreds of thousands of people died of famine. The agrarian outrages of that period, famous under the name of the Whiteboys, were far worse than any we have lately known; and they were provoked by the exaction of tithes, as well as by the exorbitant rents. But the trading interest alone had power to demand redress of its injuries; and in 1778, by dint of great pressure, some concessions were obtained. Ireland was allowed to export wool, cattle, timber, woollen and glass manufactures, and to trade with the colonies; but would this last? It had, indeed, become apparent that the loyalty of the Ulstermen to the English connection was seriously shaken. They sympathised with the American colonies, to which many thousands of their people had emigrated; the principle that the English Parliament had no right to tax America was thought equally good for Ireland. This open disaffection of Protestant Irishmen led the English Ministry to favour Catholic Emancipation, for the wealthy Catholic merchants of Cork and Waterford offered large pecuniary contributions to support the war. The repeal of the atrocious Penal Laws of 1703 became the object of a strenuous Catholic agitation. It was advocated by Edmund Burke and the Whig party in England. The opposition to it was mainly grounded upon the apprehensions of the Protestant landowners. Motives of policy, however, induced the Government to side with the cause of religious liberty; for there was some fear that the Catholics in the south of Ireland, if too greatly exasperated, would invite a French invasion. In 1778, therefore, a bill—prepared by Yelverton, and supported by Grattan—enabling Catholics to acquire land, but not freehold, and relieving from many vexatious restrictions, was passed with the consent of the Government.

The disastrous events of the American War, the surrender of two British armies, and the approach of hostile French and American ships on all the coasts of Ireland, appealed powerfully to Irish patriotic feeling. Only a very small remnant of the British military forces could be spared to guard that country. The Irish nobility, gentry, and middle classes, the Protestants exclusively, resolved to form volunteer corps for its defence. This movement could not be prohibited, in the manifest necessity of the time. It began in 1779, and was taken up with extraordinary spirit and enthusiasm by all classes. A large volunteer army was enrolled, drilled, and furnished with weapons, by public subscription, within a few short months. The whole strength was ultimately reckoned at 80,000 men, in different parts of Ireland; its commander-in-chief was James Molyneux Caulfield, Earl of Charlemont, a Whig of Fox's party, and one of the finest characters that Ireland has ever known. Grattan was the life and soul of the popular movement, having made up his mind that it should be turned to the advantage of Irish liberty. In April, 1780, he introduced a declaration of legislative independence into the Irish House of Commons. It recited, in the most loyal terms, that the Kingdom of Ireland was "inseparably annexed" to that of Great Britain, under one Sovereign, while it declared that "no power on earth but the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland was competent to make laws for Ireland." The earnest eloquence of a great orator, uttering the unanimous sentiment of an aroused nation, with the consciousness of its critical situation, had a marvellous effect. The

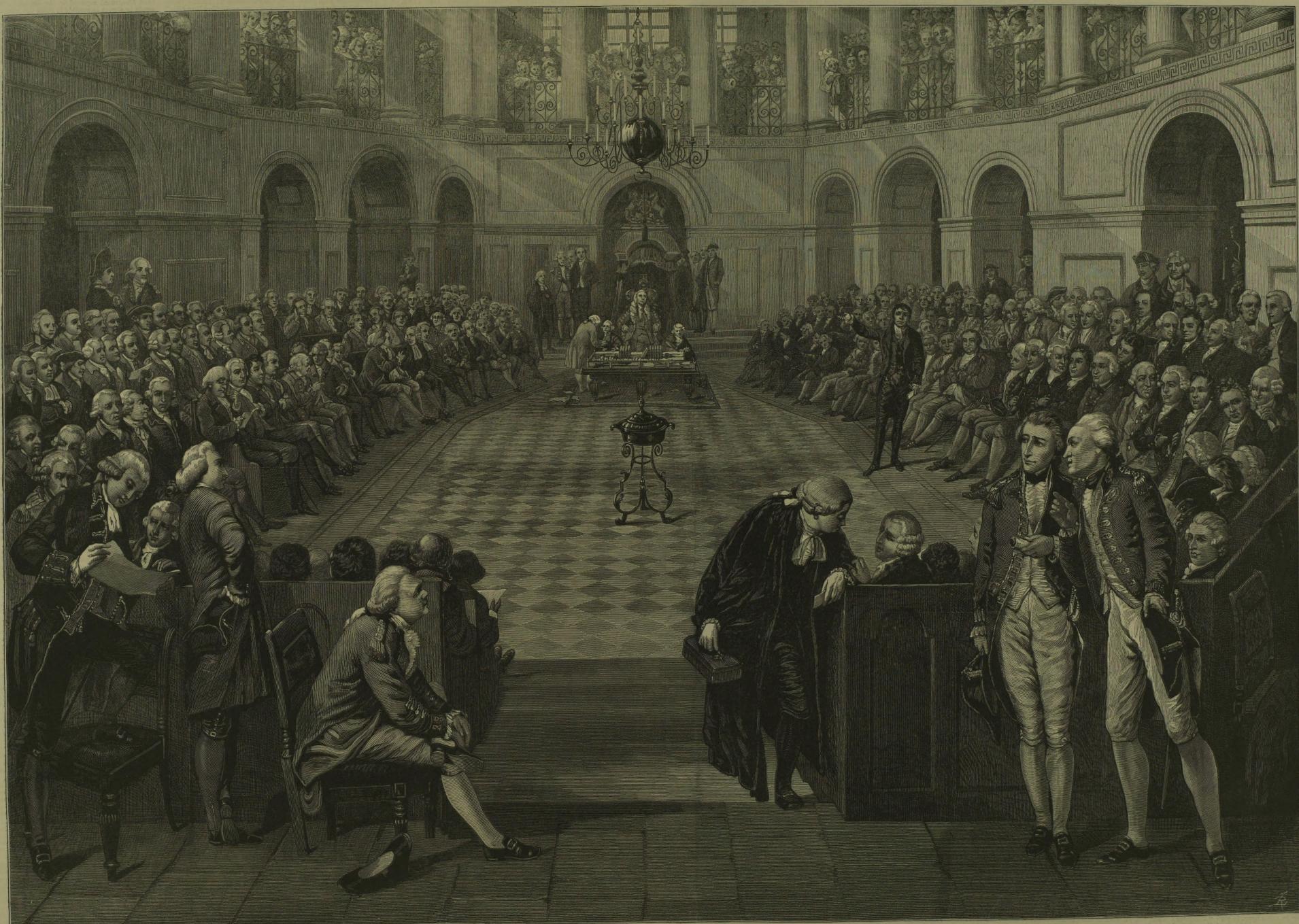
Lord Lieutenant reported to the British Government that it would be almost impossible to resist this movement.

The behaviour of the volunteers was exemplary, and there was no sign of disloyalty or hostility to England in the popular meetings. Government, however, felt anxious to bring the large force now raised in Ireland under a Mutiny Act. The Irish Parliament, the judges, magistrates, and lawyers denied the validity of the English Mutiny Act; so an Irish Mutiny Bill was framed. It should have been, as in England, for one year, and to be renewed annually; but Government chose, by the arbitrary procedure before explained, to alter the bill, and to make it a perpetual law. This revived the political controversy; and the demand for the repeal of Poynings' Law, as well as of the English statute (6 George I., cap. 5) was vehemently pressed by Grattan, Flood, and Yelverton. It was supported by resolutions of the grand juries at county sessions all over Ireland. Such was the state of public opinion in the spring of 1782, when the fall of Lord North's Tory Ministry in England, succeeded by that of Lord Rockingham, with Fox and Shelburne for Secretaries of State, delighted the champions of freedom.

The new Ministry intended to give peace to America, and to recognise her freedom. They were likely, then, to allow freedom to Ireland. The new Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Portland, offered Lord Charlemont and Grattan posts in the Ministry, which they declined. The Irish Secretary of State, Hely Hutchinson, who sympathised with the popular cause, officially invited Parliament to propose "a final adjustment," and delivered the King's message to that effect. In February, the delegates of the Ulster Volunteers held a Convention at Dungannon. Then, on April 16, 1782, Grattan, in a noble speech, moved an Address to the King, in which Ireland was declared to be "by right a distinct kingdom," which would ever be united with Great Britain, "to share her fate, to stand or fall with her"; but three great infringements of the rights of Ireland were pointed out—the British Act of George I., the practice of altering or suppressing bills, under Poynings' Law, and the recent Perpetual Mutiny Act. The Address was passed unanimously, and was sent to London, while the House adjourned for six weeks. During this interval, the Duke of Portland earnestly recommended Government to comply with the universal demand of the people of Ireland. Resolutions were accordingly proposed by Lord Shelburne and by Charles James Fox to the English Parliament; Fox saying that he "would meet Ireland on her own terms, and give her everything she wanted, in the way she herself seemed to wish for it." The resolutions passed unanimously in the Commons, and were opposed in the Lords only by Lord Loughborough. The Act of 6 George I. was promptly repealed: and, soon afterwards, the Royal Assent was given to a repeal of the obnoxious provisions of Poynings' Act. The Mutiny Act was limited to two years; the supreme judicial authority of the Irish House of Lords was acknowledged; the Irish Judges were made independent of favour.

These great Constitutional reforms were gained by the Irish patriots in a manner deserving of high admiration. Grattan frankly avowed his gratitude to the English Government and nation, withstood the demand for a more formal renunciation of legislative power over Ireland, wished the Irish volunteers to be disbanded when the American War was over, and procured large votes of men and money for the land and sea services of Great Britain. The Irish Parliament rewarded his labours with a vote of £50,000, as he was poor, and had left his profession to work for his country. He thenceforth devoted himself to two grand objects—Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform.

Unhappily, the Irish Parliament could not be reformed. It remained as corrupt and exclusive as before; and though Catholics were admitted to the franchise in 1793, and were relieved from professional and social disabilities, the abuses were unchecked. The disputes about the Regency Bill, in 1788, caused Pitt's Government to entertain the design of a Legislative Union. The French war, the attempts of foreign invasion, and the Rebellion of 1798, forced on this object of British policy. It was effected by sheer bribery. During the last years of the Irish Parliament, the city of Dublin flourished; it was adorned with fine buildings, one of which was the Parliament House, now the Bank of Ireland. Our large Engraving, copied from an old picture, represents the interior of the House of Commons, in a debate after 1790, with Curran speaking (No. 85 in the Key)—John Philpot Curran, of the Whig Club, an advocate only second to Henry Grattan in vehemence of eloquence. The Right Hon. Henry Grattan, M.P. for Dublin, in volunteer uniform, holding a scroll of paper in his left hand (149), is standing outside the Bar, in the front of the picture, near the right-hand corner; he is listening to the whispered talk of Flood—the Right Hon. Henry Flood (148)—whom he distrusted and once denounced, in too strong language, as a venal, self-seeking politician. In the chair at the head of the table is the last Speaker of the House (1), the Right Hon. John Foster. The Opposition benches, to the left of the Speaker, but to the right in this picture, are thronged with members of the National party, some of whom did not remain faithful to the end. We recognise Denis Daly (124), George Ponsonby (84), Charles Kendal Bushe (140), William Conyngham Plunket (128), Sir Laurence Parsons (144), Barry Yelverton (156), Sir Jonah Barrington (145), and Sir John Parnell (146), great-grandfather of the present Mr. Parnell, among the most distinguished. On the left-hand side of the picture, to the Speaker's right, the front bench is occupied by the supporters of Government. One of the most remarkable is the lawyer in black, with a counsellor's wig and long neck-bands (46), turning and raising his head while the gentleman sitting next him, with uplifted hand, bespeaks his attention. This lawyer is the Solicitor-General, Sir John Toler, Q.C., an active manager of the Union, afterwards Lord Norbury. The Attorney-General, in similar costume, sits beside him. No. 37, the second on the near end of the front bench, is a person who soon became even more important—the Hon. Robert Stewart, afterwards Viscount Castlereagh, son of Lord Londonderry, and Chief Secretary at the time of the Union. Sitting next him (38) is the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who joined in the rebellion of 1798, was shot by Major Sirr, while struggling to resist the police, and died in prison. On the back seats, to the left of the picture, are several older members who had, twenty years before, vigorously demanded reforms of the Irish Government. Sir Hercules Langrishe (19), the Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson (17), and Mr. H. T. Foster (30) deserve to be remembered for services to their country. Lastly, we have to point out three notable Peers, who are, of course, below the Bar, at the left hand in the front of the picture. Lord Charlemont (164) is seated, earnestly looking at Grattan. The Right Rev. Frederick Augustus Hervey, D.D., Lord Bishop of Derry and fourth Earl of Bristol, a commanding officer of the volunteers, appears in the dress of a layman, standing at the Bar (165). John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare (175) was the Lord Chancellor who carried the Union in 1800. This picture was painted by Mr. H. Barraud, and Mr. J. Hayter; an autotype, which we have copied, was published by Mr. R. Turner, fine-art publisher, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.



THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, A.D. 1790.—COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

FROM THE PICTURE PAINTED BY H. BARRAUD AND J. HAYTER.

FOR KEY, SEE PAGE 252.

NEW BOOKS.

An extraordinary and remarkably interesting character is made to exhibit in *Letters of George Sand*: translated and edited by Raphaël Ledos De Beaufort (Ward and Downey), certain traits, certain admirable qualities, of which the great body of English readers had probably been hitherto completely ignorant. To English readers innocent of the French language George Sand, whose works have not circulated so freely as many less deserving in a translated form among us, is generally known, and that but faintly, as a mere writer of more or less improper novels, and as a personage of more or less improper conduct; and to English readers well versed in the French language she has, until the publication of these letters, been known chiefly for the same peculiarities, with the important addition, however, of being rightly regarded as a literary genius, full of originality and poetical power of expression, mistress of a style which places her among the most brilliant authors of a country which can boast of exceptionally brilliant authorship. To find that she yearned for peaceful, unadventurous domestic life, that she held conjugal felicity to be the height of bliss, that she abounded with maternal affection and solicitude, will, no doubt, come as a surprise calculated to stagger the readers of her letters; but, at the same time, to prepare them for the further knock-down blow they may receive when they find her among the prophets and teachers of politics which may be wild, but cannot be condemned as unwholesome; of morality, which is sound at bottom; of religion, which may not be orthodox, and which may be handled with a boldness of thought and of diction bordering upon profanity, but which is, nevertheless, indicative of a heart inclined to fulfil an acknowledged duty towards God and overflowing with goodwill towards men. On the other hand, it cannot be too carefully borne in mind that the true condition of the inner man or woman cannot be taken on the evidence of beautiful sentiments, whether spoken or written, especially when the name and fame and fortune which the writer makes by writing are due to something very unlike if not diametrically opposed to the views and doctrines contained in private letters and controversial correspondence; that example is always more trustworthy testimony, as well as more effective inducement, than precept or profession, or exhortation; that one fact is worth a bushel of arguments; that it was well said of human beings, as of trees: by their fruits ye shall know them. Besides, there is reaction to be taken into account: we have no sooner begun to realise how very questionable may be something that we have done or said (and perhaps profited by), than we are anxious to show, so far as words can do it, how unexceptionable were and are our real intentions. To say nothing of her novels, there was in the outward life of George Sand that which would justify the most credulous of readers in reading her letters with a liberal accompaniment of salt. But for any irregularity of conduct, so far as the strict rules of morality or conventionalities, the rules of Mrs. Grundy, in fact, are concerned, she had ample excuse in her hereditary descent and in her mother's example; if it be true that what is bred in the bone will out in the flesh. Nor was Madame Dudevant's personal experience such as to give her an exalted opinion of wedlock, according to the laws and customs of her country and of society: at seventeen years of age, in 1822, she married; and in 1831 she separated from her husband, finding that she was married to a brute who did not refrain from violence, who made odious imputations against her, and with whom it was impossible for her to live any longer. She had very small means of subsistence, and, by the advice of the afterwards celebrated M. Jules Sandeau, she took to her pen: with what results know all men, wherever French literature, in translation or in the original, is appreciated. Whether George Sand is a name which will have sufficient conjuring power to carry a host of readers through three large volumes of letters, remains to be seen; but each volume contains an alphabetical list of the personages (some very distinguished) to whom the letters were written, with their dates and the pages at which they will be found, so that selection can be exercised according to taste or expectation. Each volume contains two portraits of Madame Dudevant.

He who wrote "Lycidas" would have uttered in befitting verse the thoughts suggested by the mournful occurrence which gives a special interest to *North Borneo*: by the late Frank Hatton (Sampson Low and Co.); the sad end of a mere youth, who has been described in a great newspaper as "one of the most remarkable young men of these days." Such reputation he had already acquired at the age of twenty-two only: for Mr. Frank Hatton was born in 1861, and died in 1883. Conceiving a sober, but earnest and serious view of life from almost the very first, setting before himself a definite scientific career, with a steadfast purpose of succeeding, taking advantage of the liberal education afforded him to improve to the utmost his naturally great physical, moral, and intellectual gifts, Mr. Hatton had done so much and made himself so highly appreciated by the time he was twenty that, notwithstanding his youth, he was chosen by the British North Borneo Company to be their "mineral explorer and metallurgical chemist." In two years his life was ended; moreover, his diaries have been found in fragmentary form only; it cannot, therefore, be expected that the volume, big as it is, devoted to his memory, should contain a full, continuous account of his explorations and expeditions, his experiments, and his prognostications, which last are said to have been justified to the letter. Still, the pages contain a narrative which, from the mere business point of view, as a record of work accomplished, places explored, adventures encountered, observations recorded, opinions expressed and subsequently confirmed, can hardly fail to have a singular interest for all whom such matters concern, and to be valuable as well as interesting. Attention, however, will be chiefly absorbed by the biographical details; and if, in the manner in which they are presented, there should seem to be a want of methodical arrangement and a redundancy of information—amounting to sheer iteration on certain points—this is easily explained and excused by the anguish of the father, who tells the story of his gifted but ill-starred son, and who would regard as precious and even sacred whatever came to him from all sides as a contribution to his store of materials. Be it added that there is a useful map, as well as the ever helpful index; and that there are illustrations, both numerous and characteristic, from a portrait of the late Mr. Frank Hatton to a representation of a "Bornean mouth-organ." Nor has the sense of overwhelming personal loss prevented the bereaved father from thinking of others; for he has given a touching account of Mr. Witt, his son's colleague, who was murdered in the jungle.

Somewhat peculiar treatment has been considered advisable in the case of *Over Siberian Snows*: by Victor Meignan; edited from the French by William Conn (W. Swan Sonnenchein and Co.); for the editor has thought proper, on grounds which it is unnecessary to enter upon, to give "a modified version" rather than a "strict translation" of the original French, in which an adventurous traveller has narrated what he did, saw, heard, felt, and suffered on a journey from Paris to Pekin, "by sledge, over the snows of European Russia and

Siberia; by caravan, through Mongolia, across the Gobi Desert and the Great Wall; and, by mule palanquin, through China." There is a map to facilitate comprehension of the route, and there are many curious and excellent illustrations; but there is no index. The volume is huge and formidable to look at; but the type is large and pleasant to read, the style is lively, if also a little garrulous, the tone is extremely agreeable, the absence of pretentiousness is gratifying, the occurrences are sometimes exciting, always interesting, and occasionally instructive, and the book is altogether fresh and entertaining, with an entertainment that tends to profit. One custom of the Chinese deserves more attention than it has hitherto received from us Europeans, even if it had received any attention at all before the publication of this charming work. "When a Chinese," says the author, "has merited by his services a title of nobility, his son in due course inherits merely the title immediately inferior, and the nobility thus descends, diminishing in rank in the family from generation to generation, until it becomes definitely extinct, unless one of its members render some service to his country, and thus regains the title originally granted to his ancestors." Verily, an excellent idea, which might be borrowed with advantage by the "foreign devils."

It may be possible to review a book justly without reading every page of it, but it speaks well for a book when the critic feels no desire to skip. This is our experience of *The Story of Holland*, by Isabel Don (Rivingtons), a little volume belonging to a series written for young people. The fault of the narrative is one into which a writer might very naturally fall. The beginning and the close of the book are adapted to the comprehension of children; the historical portion is fitted for boys and girls who have long ago left the nursery. However, this objection is a slight one, and, on the whole, the writer has acquitted herself well. She has had the advantage of a noble subject, full of spirit-stirring incidents; and so linked is the history of Holland with that of England that the story may be said to have a national interest for the youth of this country. In the seventeenth century, Holland was a worthy rival of England, and perhaps we never endured a deeper disgrace than when De Ruyter sailed up the Thames and burned the English ships at Chatham. But why, in later years, we attained a supremacy among the nations, while Holland fell back from her high estate into the comfortable security she enjoys at present, is not fully explained. At all times she had, of course, dangers from which the streak of silver sea has saved us; but the sterling qualities of the people ought, one would have thought, to have given her a higher position in the scale of nations. No doubt, "the long story of Holland, with its many wars, has ended in peace and freedom" but there are now few signs of the invincible energy which made her, at one time, the admiration of Europe.

The green-sward of England has long been famous, and by many a traveller in distant lands, arid and tropical, is remembered as an emerald dream of beauty and freshness. So, too, the sweet short turf of our downs, in several counties, has been praised in agricultural literature for such feeding excellences that it has become a proverb in America, "To get a real mutton-chop, one must go to England." At the same time there has long existed a general belief that grass was simply anything green, and only botanists and a minority of agriculturists have known that there were numerous grasses of various virtues. Farmers and graziers neglected this knowledge until it was forced upon them, and sorts of seeds were adapted to soils, by Messrs. Sutton and others, as scientific seedmen, of which the result has been "two blades of grass where one grew before," in many localities. In other places, nature, soil, and climate had left little or nothing for man to do; he had but to leave well alone in what are still some of our very best pastoral districts—notably, our breezy chalk downs, and those soils where the limestone formation dowers the country with unsurpassable herbage. However, a large balance of area throughout the kingdom has had, during the past fifty years, to be either made into pasture or renovated with new seed; and here stepped in the practical botanists and seedsmen, who, by sorting seeds to soils, ensured success where otherwise there would have been failure. From various reasons, the study of grass cultivation has greatly increased in recent years, and it is already a long time ago that the Royal Agricultural Society asked Mr. Martin Hope Sutton to contribute to its journal an essay on the formation of pasture. The present large and handsome book, *Permanent and Temporary Pastures*, by Martin J. Sutton (Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London), is an enlargement of that standard work by the author's son, now managing partner of the Royal seed firm at Reading. The several chapters of letterpress refer to the extension of pastures, the drainage of grass land, cultural preparations, the selection of grasses and clovers, the spring and autumn sowing of grass seeds, the immediate after and later management of pasture; hints on haymaking, on grazing, on ensilage, on breaking up old grass land; and the very important section on forming temporary pastures of one, two, three, or four years' lay. Then are given botanical descriptions and analyses of grasses (by Dr. Voeleker); the work concluding with a gallery of pictures, or coloured plates, of the varieties of grasses and trifolium, so beautiful and natural that they may be described as altogether the best with which we are acquainted. These plates have been produced by Mr. Ben George; and that the drawings are correct may be at once accepted, since Mr. W. Carruthers, of the British Museum, and other "eminent hands," are referred to by the author as having given him "valuable assistance." England is greener and richer for the half-century's work of Mr. Martin Hope Sutton, and of his son. Our pastures are better than they were when the Reading firm began their labours. Such being the case, it is but a fitting compliment that the Prince of Wales should have accepted the dedication of a book of national importance, particularly as the author, Mr. Martin John Sutton, is a member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, and the Prince is its president this year. The book, as a specimen of type, printing, paper, and coloured illustration, worthily represents the house of Spottiswoode and Co., and may be accepted as most satisfactory evidence of English workmanship and taste.

Mr. T. Kelly has published the first part of a work which is intended to be of use for art students: it is called *Studies from Nature of British Foliage*. The first part contains the maple, larch-tassels, filbert, oak-apples, and spruce-fir. These are all drawn so large, and with such detail, that they will be of the greatest value to designers, not only for form but in some cases for effect also. The spruce-fir is a good example of this; as it is here given, it suggests some of the best efforts of the Japanese artists, who are specially happy in their rendering of natural foliage. Designers cannot always find the leaves of every tree, which may be wanted as models, growing near them, and in the winter all trees are bare; but when Mr. Kelly's work is completed, the artist may have them all at his hand, ready for use. Mr. Kelly has devoted a great deal of time to realise his ideas as to what these studies ought to be, and is reproducing them himself, so that they possess the touch of the master's own hand.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE SOUTH DOWNS.

Only the notes, perhaps, of the sweetest songsters of the spring could at once fittingly commemorate both birth and death, and speak in sympathetic yet impartial tones of joy and sorrow. Thus, the salutation from the woodlands and the willows by the river which greets the dawn of every 23rd of April at Stratford-on-Avon rings out with a meaning not lightly to be passed by. No wonder that the good folk of the little, sleepy, old-world Warwickshire town attribute to their nightingales a purpose in this never-varying coincidence. Until this day arrives they are silent, it is declared; but henceforth, for the full term of their singing season, their deep, clear-throated melody makes the whole region gay and beautiful. Be the fact, however, one of mere coincidence or not, it is a pretty conceit to have invested it with the poetic significance it bears; and it is pleasant, at any rate, to let our fancy take up the idea and work it out in any imaginings we please. Tradition even helps to this end in one direction very suggestively. It says, to wit, that on the anniversary of his birth and death, summoned by the first notes of the nightingale, the spirit of the great poet, who lies buried within the shadow of the old church upon the bank of the silver stream, wanders forth among the scenes of his early youth and declining years.

This sceptical age may flout the notion of mortals revisiting "the glimpses of the moon," but it can scarce be so stony-hearted as to deny the privilege to the immortal. And it is the immortal part alone of that undying genius which claims it here. This at least may be conceded without much stretch of the veracities, for are not his noble thoughts and glorious words present to our minds, and on our lips when once we find ourselves within the magic of the hallowed spot? Who that has ever visited Stratford-on-Avon, and made reverent pilgrimage to the shrine which encompasses so many relics of his being and his time, can fail to remember the far-reaching grandeur and majesty of his work? We are carried involuntarily through his pages and his life. Such records as we have spring up before us even to his baby days, when, lying in the Noah's-ark cradle, or when, "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," he first saw the light in that broad-beamed room in Henley-street. Then there is the boy, "with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school"—the Grammar School in the High-street; and so on to the time when Sir Thomas Lucy's deer are said to have suffered from some wild escapade of the young poet. After that, until we find him in the retirement of New-place, there is somewhat of a blank in his Stratford life, save in the association with the neighbourhood, his courtship, his marriage, and his death. Meagre as such outlines are, they will be sufficient for thoughtful minds to weave into vivid pictures when the local background and colour are supplied. But should our journeys never take us to, and we have had no chance of paying homage at, the actual spot, it might be easy to compass not a little of the purpose of such a pilgrimage in quite a different region.

It is a "far cry" from Stratford-on-Avon to the South Downs, but if the phantom presence does truly wander, as 'tis said, we might reasonably expect to find it (though not summoned by the nightingales) upon one day of the year, at least, hovering around some of the combes and ridges of the rolling Sussex Downs. Virtually, in spirit, for some years past, he must have made a habitation there, for thither have been carried, by loving hands, so much of what is mortal of Shakespeare that we might be well satisfied with a jaunt no farther afield than these now almost suburban hills. How many of the thousands of those who go down to the sea, not in ships, but by railway, to that modern Babylon, Brighton, have any idea that within an easy walk from the town's centre there has been brought together the most marvellous collection of Shakespearean relics in existence? Very few, it is to be imagined. Yet such is the fact.

On one of the many spinal ridges which trend southward towards the sea from the abrupt declivities of the Sussex Downs, where their formation begins in the north, couches a certain little copse, similar in character to scores which deck the district. Along and up this ridge, from the neighbourhood of the Level at the back of Brighton, runs the road to Ditchling; and when the pilgrim has traversed it for about half an hour, and reached a considerable elevation, some out-houses and offices of a nondescript character, fenced in and sheltered by the plantation or copse itself, come into view. On the western crest of this hill, and commanding a fine prospect of the outskirts of the town and distant ocean, stands what has been designated a "quaint wigwam," popularly supposed to be inhabited by a retired Australian farmer, but which is in reality the commodious and comfortable residence of Mr. J. O. Halliwell Phillipps, the most learned authority and Shakespearean student of the present age. The building is described as being "on the plan of a farm-house at Stratford." It is erected entirely of wood, cased in galvanised iron, and painted in imitation of the "half-timbered style" of the Elizabethan period. The rooms, being all on the same floor, are open to the roof. The corridors, leading from one part of the building to another, bear Shakespearean names, and are denominated "lanes"; whilst in and around the house are apt quotations painted by friends of the owner, and selected from the works of the great dramatist, whose genius he worships.

It were an interminable task to detail the contents Shakespearean of the house. They consist of every variety of relic—from pictures, engravings, original drawings, portraits, maps, plans, manuscripts, rare editions of the plays, down to the minutest items, which can have any bearing or throw any light on the life and writings of the great master. They should be seen and examined to be thoroughly enjoyed, and for their interest and value to be thoroughly appreciated. Whether Mr. Halliwell Phillipps will give "all things view" to strangers without an introduction to him, we are not aware; but being naturally proud of his collection, doubtless it will require very little to induce him to afford the treat to anyone sincerely interested. Be this as it may, it seems to us that it would be pleasant and profitable for the idler at Brighton, albeit no Shakespearean student, now and again to stroll along the Ditchling road, and vary thus that monotonous walk by the fashion-fringed sea. Especially should such a walk become interesting on or about "the birthday," which this year falls on Good Friday; and a glimpse merely of the domain at Hollingbury Copse and its neighbourhood might be regarded as only one remove from a pilgrimage to the birthplace itself. The nightingales might not be singing, and assuredly the landscape would be very different to the valley of the Avon; but there is a breath of health always to be taken in on the breezy South Downs, and they possess a charm and beauty for the lover of Nature peculiarly their own. The thought, too, that we have come within measurable distance of what would conjure up, if anything would, the spiritual presence of the poet of all time, could hardly detract from the pleasure of the jaunt even to the least thoughtful. Merely to summon spirits from the vasty deep is easy enough, but to get them to come one must let one's imaginative and fanciful faculties have full play, and no better stimulus surely could be given them than by thus seeking Shakespeare on the South Downs.

W. W. FENN.



SPRINGTIME

By GIACOMELLI.